THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XV. R. BONNER, {EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, NO. 44 ANN STREET. NEW YORK, MARCH 26, 1859. TERMS, {$2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 3.

"KNOW THYSELF."

Thales of Miletus.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

When gentle Twilight sits
On Day's forsaken throne,
Mid the sweet hush of eventide
Muse by thyself alone,
And at the time of rest,
Ere sleep asserts its power,
Hold pleasant converse with thyself
In meditation's bower;

Motives and deeds review
By Memory's truthful glass,
Thy silent self the only judge
And critic as they pass;
And if their wayward face
Should give thy conscience pain,
Resolve with energy divine
The victory to gain.

When Morning's earliest rays
O'er spire and roof-tree fall,
Gladly invite thy waking heart
Unto a festival
Of smiles and love to all,
The lowliest and the least,
And of delighted praise to Him,
The Giver of the feast.

Not on the outer world
For inward joy depend,
Enjoy the luxury of thought,
Make thine own self thy friend;
Not with the restless throng,
In search of solace roam,
But with an independent zeal
Be intimate at home.

Good company have they
Who by themselves do walk,
If they have learn'd on blessed themes
With their own souls to talk;
For they shall never feel
Of dull ennui the power,
Nor penury of loneliness
Shall haunt their hall or bower.

Drink waters from the fount
That in thy bosom springs,*
And envy not the mingled draught
Of satraps, or of kings;
So shalt thou find at last
Far from the giddy brain,
Self-knowledge and self-culture lead
To uncomputed gain.

Hartford, Feb. 28th, 1859.

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* "Drink waters out of thine own cistern, and running waters out of thine own well."—KING SOLOMON.

THE HIDDEN HAND.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1859, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]

CHAPTER XXV.

CAPITOLA'S MOTHER.

> A woman like a dew-drop she was purer than the purest,
> And her noble heart the noblest, yes, and her sure faith the surest;
> And her eyes were dark and humid like the depth in depth of lustre
> Hid i' the harebell, while her tresses, sunnier than the wild grape's cluster,
> Gushed in raven-tinted plenty down her cheeks' rose-tinted marble:
> Then her voice's music—call it the well's bubbling, the bird's warble.
> BROWNING.

"Cap?"

"Sir!"

"What the blazes is the matter with you?"

"What the *blazes?* You better say what the dust and ashes! I'm bored to death! I'm blue as indigo! There never *was* such a rum old place as this, or such a rum old uncle as you!"

"Cap! how often have I told you to leave off this Bowery boy talk? *Rum!* pah!" said Old Hurricane.

"Well, it *is* rum, then! Nothing ever happens here! The silence deafens me! the plenty takes away my appetite! the safety makes me low!"

"*Hum!* you are like the Bowery boys in times of peace, 'spoiling for a fight.'"

"Yes, I *am!* just decomposing above ground for want of having my blood stirred, and I wish I was back in the Bowery! Something was always happening *there!* One day a fire, next day a fight, another day a fire and a fight together!"

"Umph! and you to run with the engine!"

"Don't talk about it, uncle! it makes me home sick!—every day something glorious to stir one's blood! Here *nothing* ever happens, hardly! It has been three days since I caught Black Donald; ten days since you blowed up the whole household! Oh! I wish the barns would catch on fire! I wish thieves would break in and steal! I wish Demon's Run would only rise to a flood and play the demon for once! *Oh—yah!—oo!*" said Cap., opening her mouth with a yawn, wide enough to threaten the dislocation of her jaws.

"Capitola," said the old man, very gravely, "I am getting seriously uneasy about you. I know I am a rough old soldier, quite unfit to educate a young girl, and that Mrs. Condiment can't manage you, and——*I'll consult Mr. Goodwin!*" he concluded, getting up and putting on his hat, and walking out of the breakfast-room, where this conversation had taken place.

Cap. laughed to herself—"I hope it is not a sin! I know I should die of the blues if I couldn't give vent to my feelings and—teaze uncle!"

Capitola had scarcely exaggerated her condition. The monotony of her life affected her spirits; the very absence of the necessity of thinking and caring for herself, left a dull void in her heart and brain; and as the winter waned, the annual spring fever of lassitude and dejection to which mercurial organizations like her own are subject, tended to increase the malady that Mrs. Condiment termed "a lowness of spirits."

At his wit's end, from the combined feelings of his responsibility and his helplessness, in his ward's case, Old Hurricane went and laid the matter before the Rev. Mr. Goodwin.

Having reached the minister's house, and found him alone and disengaged in his library, Old Hurricane first bound him over to strict secresy, and then "made a clean breast of it;" told him where Capitola had been brought up, and under what circumstances he had found her!

THE CLERGYMAN AND CAPITOLA.

The honest country clergyman was shocked beyond all immediate power of recovering himself—so shocked, in fact, that Old Hurricane, fearing he had gone too far, hastened to say—

"But mind, on my truth as a man, my honor as a soldier, and my faith as a Christian, I declare that that wild, reckless, desolate child has passed unscathed through the terrible ordeal of destitution, poverty and exposure! She *has,* sir! She is as innocent as the most daintily sheltered young heiress in the county! she *is,* sir! and I'd cut off the tongue and ears of any man that said otherwise."

"I do not say otherwise, my friend; but I say that she has suffered a frightful series of perils."

"She has come out of them safe, sir! I know it by a thousand signs!—what I fear for her is *the future!* I can't manage her! She won't obey me, except when she likes! she has never been taught obedience or been accustomed to subordination, and don't understand either! She rides and walks out alone in spite of all I can do or say! If she were a boy I'd thrash her! But what can I do with a *girl?*" said Old Hurricane, in despair.

"Lock her up in her chamber until she is brought to reason," suggested the minister.

"Demmy, she'd jump out of the window and break her neck! or hang herself in her garters! or starve herself to death! you don't know what an untamable thing she is! Some birds, if caged, beat themselves to death against the bars of their prison! she is just such a wild bird as that!"

"Humph! it is a difficult case to manage; but you should not shrink from responsibility; you should be firm with her."

"That's just what I *can't* be with the witch, confound her! she is such a wag, such a drole, such a mimic; disobeys me in such a mocking, cajoling, affectionate way! I could not give her pain if her soul depended on it!"

"Then you should talk to her! try moral suasion."

"Yes, if I could only get her to be serious long enough to listen to me! But you see Cap. isn't *sentimental!* and if *I* try to be, she laughs in my face!"

"But then is she so insensible to all the benefits you have conferred upon her?—will not gratitude influence her?"

"Yes; so far as repaying me with a genuine affection, fervent caresses and careful attentions to my little comforts can go! but Cap. evidently thinks that the restriction of her liberty is too heavy a price to pay for protection and support! The little rogue! Think of her actually threatening, in her good humored way, to cite me before the nearest justice to show cause why I detained her in my house!"

"Well, you could easily do that, I suppose, and she could no longer oppose your authority."

"No, that is just what I *couldn't do!*—I couldn't show any legal right to detain Capitola."

"Humph, that complicates the case very much."

"*Yes;* and much more than you think! for I wish to keep Capitola until she is of legal age. I do not wish that she should fall into the hands of her perfidious guardian until I shall be able to bring legal proof of his perfidy!"

"Then it appears that this girl has received foul play from her friends?"

"Foul play! I should think so! Gabriel Le Noir has very nearly put his neck into a halter!"

"Gabriel Le Noir! Colonel Le Noir! Our neighbor!" exclaimed the minister.

"Exactly so!—Parson! you have given me your word as a Christian minister to be silent forever concerning this interview, or until I give you leave to speak of it."

"Yes, Major, and I repeat my promise; but indeed, sir, you astound me!"

"Listen! and let astonishment rise to consternation. I will tell you who Capitola is. You, sir, have been in this neighborhood only ten years, and consequently you know Gabriel Le Noir only as the proprietor of Hidden House, a widower with one grown son——"

——"And as a gentleman of irreproachable reputation, in good standing both in the church and in the county."

"Ex-actly! a man that p[illegible]is pew rent, gives good dinners and take[illegible]is hat to women and clergymen! Well, s[illegible]his gentleman of irr[illegible]able manners and [illegible]izen of consideration in the c[illegible]—this member in good standing wit[illegible]rs. Ch has qualified himself for a twenty yea[illegible]ence in the penitentiary, even if not for the exaltation of a hangman's halter!"

"Sir, I am inexpressibly shocked to hear you say so; and I must still believe that there is some great mistake."

"Wait until I tell you!—I, Ira Warfield, have known Gabriel Le Noir as a villain for the last eighteen years! I tell you so without scruple, and hold myself ready to maintain my words in field or forum! by sword or law! Well, having known him so long, for such a knave, I was in no manner surprised to discover some six months ago that he was also a criminal, and only needed exposure to become a felon!"

"Sir! sir! this is strong language!"

"I am willing to back it with 'life, liberty, and sacred honor!' as the Declaration of Independence has it. Listen:—Some sixteen years ago, before you came to take this pastoral charge, the Hidden House was occupied by old Victor Le Noir, the father of Eugene the heir, and of Gabriel the present usurper. The old man died, leaving a will to this effect—the landed estate, including the coal and iron mines, the Hidden House and all the negroes, stock, furniture, and other personal property upon the premises, to his eldest son Eugene, with this proviso—that if Eugene should die without issue, the landed estate, house, negroes, etc., should descend to his younger brother Gabriel. To Gabriel he left his bank stock and blessing."

"An equitable will," observed the minister.

"Yes; but hear! At the time of his father's death Eugene was traveling in Europe. On receiving the news he immediately returned home, bringing with him a lovely young creature, a mere child, that he presented to his astounded neighbors as Madame Eugene Le Noir! I declare to you there was one simultaneous outcry of shame, that he should have trapped into matrimony a creature so infantile; for she was scarcely fourteen years of age!"

"It was indeed highly improper!" said the minister.

"So thought all the neighborhood; but when they found out how it happened, disapproval was changed to commendation. She was the daughter of a French patriot. Her father and mother had both perished on the scaffold in the sacred cause of liberty; she was thrown helpless, friendless and penniless upon the cold charity of the world; Providence cast her in the way of our sensitive and enthusiastic young traveler. He pitied her; he loved her, and was casting about in his own mind how he could help without compromising her, when the news of his father's illness summoned him home. Then, seeing no better way of protecting her, after a little hesitation upon account of her tender years, he married her and brought her with him."

"Good deeds, we know, must be rewarded in Heaven, since on earth they are so often punished.

"He did not long enjoy his bride. She was just the most beautiful creature that ever was seen—with a promise of still more glorious beauty in riper years. I have seen handsome women and pretty women—but Madame Eugene Le Noir was the only perfectly beautiful woman I ever saw in my long life! My own aged eyes seemed 'enriched' only to look at her! She adored Eugene, too! any one could see that! At first she spoke English in 'broken music;' but soon her accent became as perfect as if she had been native born; how could it have been otherwise when her teacher and inspirer was love? She won all hearts with her loveliness!——Humph! hear me, an old fool, worse! an Old Hurricane, betrayed into discourses of love and beauty, merely by the remembrance of Madame Eugene Le Noir! Ah! bright, exotic flower! she did not bloom long! The bride had scarcely settled down into the wife when one night Eugene Le Noir did not come home as usual. The next day his dead body, with a bullet in his brain, was found in the woods around the Hidden House! The murderer was never discovered. Gabriel Le Noir came in haste from the military post where he had been stationed. Madame Eugene was never seen abroad after the death of her husband. It was reported that she had lost her reason, a consequence that surprised no one. Eugene having died without issue, and his young widow being mad, Gabriel, by the terms of his father's will, stepped at once into the full possession of the whole property!"

"Something of all this, I have heard before," said the minister.

"Very likely; for these facts and *falsehoods* were the common property of the neighborhood. But what you have *not* heard before, and what is *not* known to any now living, except the criminals, the victims and myself, is, that three months after the death of her husband, Madame Eugene Le Noir gave birth to twins—one living, one dead. The dead child was privately buried; the living one, together with the nurse, that was the sole witness of the birth, was abducted.

"Great heaven, can this be true!" exclaimed the minister, shocked beyond all power of self-control.

"True as gospel! I have proof enough to carry conviction to any honest breast—to satisfy any caviller—except a court of justice. You shall hear! You remember the dying woman whom you dragged me out in the snow-storm to see—blame you!"

"Yes."

"*She* was the abducted nurse, escaped and returned! It was to make a deposition to the facts I am about to relate, that she sent you to fetch me," said Old Hurricane; and with that he commenced and related the whole dark history of crime comprised in the nurse's dying deposition. They examined the instrument together, and Old Hurricane again related, in brief, the incidents of his hurried journey to New York; his meeting and identifying Capitola, and bringing her home in safety to his house.

"And thus"—said the old man—"you perceive that this child whose birth was feloniously concealed, and who was cast away to perish among the wretched beggars, thieves and street-walkers of New York, is really the only living child of the late Eugene Le Noir, and the sole inheritrix of the Hidden House, with its vast acres of fields, forests, iron and coal-mines, water-powers, steam-mills, furnaces and foundries—wealth that I would not undertake to estimate within a million of dollars!—all of which is now held and enjoyed by that usurping villain, Gabriel Le Noir!"

"But," said the minister, gravely—"you have, of course, commenced proceedings on the part of your protégé."

"Listen! I will tell you what I have done! When I first brought Cap. home, I was moved not only by the desire of wreaking vengeance upon a most atrocious miscreant who had done ME an irreparable injury, but also by sympathy for the little witch who had won my heart at first sight. Therefore you may judge I lost no time in preparing to strike a double blow which should ruin my own mortal enemy, and reinstate my favorite in her rights. With this view, immediately on my return home I sent for Breefe, my confidential attorney, and laid the whole matter before him."

"And he——"

"To my dismay he told me that though the case was clear enough, it was not sufficiently strong, in a legal point of view, to justify us in bringing suit; for that the dying deposition of the mulatto nurse could not be received as evidence in our county courts."

"You knew *that* before, sir, I presume."

"Of course I did! but I thought it was a lawyer's business to get over such difficulties; and I assure you, parson, that I flew into a passion, and cursed court and county law and lawyers to my heart's content! I would have quarreled with old Breefe then and there, only Breefe *won't* get excited. He very coolly advised me to keep the matter close, and my eyes open, and gather all the corroborative testimony I could find, and that in the meantime he would reflect upon the best manner of proceeding."

"I think, Major Warfield, that his counsel was wise and disinterested. But tell me, sir, of the girl's mother! Is it not astonishing; in fact, is it not perfectly incomprehensible, that so lovely a woman as you have represented her to be, should have consented to the concealment, if not to the destruction, of her own legitimate offspring?"

"Sir, to *me* it is not incomprehensible at all! She was at once an orphan and a widow; a stranger in a strange land; a poor, desolate, broken-hearted child, in the power of the cunningest and most unscrupulous villain that the Lord ever suffered to live! I wonder at nothing that he might have deceived or frightened her into doing!"

"Heaven forgive us! Have I known that man for ten years to hear this account of him at last! But tell me, sir, have you really any true idea of what has been the fate of the poor young widow?"

"No—not the slightest. Immediately after his brother's funeral, Gabriel Le Noir gave out that Madame Eugene had lost her reason through excessive grief, soon after which he took her with him to the North, and upon his return alone, reported that he had left her in a celebrated Lunatic Asylum. The story was probable enough, and received universal belief. Only *now* I do not credit it, and do not know whether the widow be living or dead; or if living, whether she be mad or sane; if dead, whether she came to her end by fair means or *foul!*"

"Merciful Heaven, sir! you do not mean to say——!"

"Yes, I *do* mean to say; and if you would like to know what is on my private mind I'll tell you. I believe that Madame Eugene Le Noir has been treacherously made away with by the same infernal demon at whose instigation her husband was murdered and her child stolen."

The minister seemed crushed beneath the overwhelming weight of this communication; he passed his hand over his brow, and thence down his face, and sighed deeply; for a few moments he seemed unable to reply, and when he spoke it was only to say—

"In this matter, Major Warfield, I can offer you no counsel better than that of your confidential attorney—follow the light that you have, until it lead you to the full elucidation of this affair, and may Heaven grant that you may find Colonel Le Noir less guilty than you apprehend."

"Parson!—humbug! When charity drivels it ought to be turned off by justice! I *will* follow the little light I have! I suspect, from the description, that the wretch who at Le Noir's instance carried off the nurse and child, was no other than the notorious Black Donald. I have offered an additional thousand dollars for his apprehension, and if he is taken he will be condemned to death, make a last dying speech and confession, and give up his accomplices, the accomplished Colonel Le Noir among the rest!"

"If the latter really *was* an accomplice, there could be no better way of discovering the fact than to bring this Black Donald to justice; but I greatly fear that there is little hope of that," said the minister.

"Aye, but there *is!* Listen! the long impunity enjoyed by this desperado has made him daring to fatuity! Why, I was in a hair's breadth of capturing him *myself* a few days ago."

"Ha! is it possible?" asked the minister, with a look of surprise and interest.

"Aye, was I! And you shall hear all about it!" said old Hurricane. And upon that he commenced and told the minister the adventure of Capitola with Black Donald at Hurricane Hall.

The minister was amazed, yet could not forbear to say—

"It seems to me, however, that it was Capitola who was in a hair's breadth of capturing this notorious desperado!"

"Pooh! she clung to him like the reckless lunatic that she is; but lord, he would have carried her off on his back if it had not been for ME."

The minister smiled a little to himself and then said—

"This protegé of yours is a very remarkable girl, as interesting to me in her character, as she is in her history; her very spirit, courage and insubordination make her singularly hard to manage and apt to go astray. With your permission I will make her acquaintance, with the view of seeing what good I can do her."

"Pray, do so, for then you will be better able to counsel me how to manage the capricious little witch, who if I attempt to check her in her wild and dangerous freedom of action, tells me plainly that liberty is too precious a thing to be exchanged for food and clothing, and that rather than live in bondage she will throw herself upon the protection of the court!—If she does *that* the game is up! Le Noir, against whom we can as yet prove nothing, would claim her as his neice and ward, and get her into his power for the purpose of making way with *her*, as he did with her father and mother."

"Oh! for heaven's sake, sir, no more of that until we have farther evidence," said the minister, uneasily, adding—"I will see your very interesting protégé to-morrow."

"Do! do! to-morrow, to-day, this hour, anytime!" said Major Warfield as he cordially took leave of the pastor.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CAP.'S TRICKS AND PERILS.

> I'll be merry and free,
> I'll be sad for naebody;
> Naebody cares for me,
> I care for naebody.
> BURNS.

The next day, according to agreement, the pastor came and dined at Hurricane Hall. During the dinner he had ample opportunity of observing Capitola.

In the afternoon Major Warfield took an occasion of leaving him alone with the contumacious young object of his visit.

Cap., with her quick perceptions, instantly discovered the drift and purpose of this action, which immediately provoked all the mischievous propensities of her elfish spirit.

"Uncle means that I shall be lectured by the good parson! if he preaches to me, *won't* I humor him 'to the top of his bent?'—that's all!" was her secret resolution, as she sat demurely, with pursed-up lips, bending over her needlework.

The honest and well-meaning old country clergyman hitched his chair a little nearer to the perverse young rebel, and, *gingerly*,—for he was half afraid of his questionable subject, entered into conversation with her.

To his surprise and pleasure, Capitola replied with the decorum of a young nun.

Encouraged by her manner, the good minister went on to say how much interested he felt in her welfare; how deeply he compassionated her lot in never having possessed the advantage of a mother's teaching; how anxious he was by his counsels to make up to her as much as possible such a deficiency.

Here Capitola put up both her hands and dropped her face upon them.

Still farther encouraged by this exhibition of feeling, Mr. Goodwin went on. He told her that it behooved *her*, who was a motherless girl, to be even more circumspect than others, lest through very ignorance she might err; and in particular he warned her against riding or walking out alone, or indulging in any freedom of manners that might draw upon her the animadversions of their very strict community.

"Oh, sir, I know I have been very indiscreet, and I am very miserable!" said Capitola, in a heart-broken voice.

"My dear child, your errors have hitherto been those of ignorance only, and I am very much pleased to find how much your good uncle has been mistaken; and how ready you are to do strictly right when the way is pointed out!" said the minister, pleased to his honest heart's core that he had made this deep impression.

A heavy sigh burst from the bosom of Capitola.

"What is the matter, my dear child?" he said, kindly.

"Oh, sir, if I had only known you before!" exclaimed Capitola, bitterly.

"Why, my dear?—I can do you just as much good now!"

"Oh, no, sir! it is too late! *it is too late!*"

"It is never too late to do well!"

"Oh, yes, sir, it is for me! Oh, how I wish I had had your good counsel before! it would have saved me from so much trouble!"

"My dear child, you make me seriously uneasy! do explain yourself," said the old pastor, drawing his chair closer to hers, and trying to get a look at the distressed little face that was bowed down upon her hands, and vailed with her hair—"Do tell me, my dear, what is the matter?"

"Oh, sir, I'm afraid to tell you! you'd hate and despise me! you'd never speak to me again!" said Capitola, keeping her face concealed.

"My dear child," said the minister, very gravely and sorrowfully, "whatever your offense has been, and you make me fear that it has been a very serious one, I invite you to confide it to me, and having done so I promise, however I may mourn the sin, not to 'hate,' or 'despise,' or forsake the sinner. Come, confide in me."

"Oh, sir, I daren't! indeed I daren't!" moaned Capitola.

"My poor girl!" said the minister, "if I am to do you any good, it is absolutely necessary that you make me your confidant."

"Oh, sir, I have been a very wicked girl! I daren't tell you *how* wicked I have been!"

"Does your good uncle know or suspect this wrong doing of yours?"

"Uncle!! Oh, no, sir! He'd turn me out of doors! He'd kill me! Indeed he would, sir! Please don't tell him!"

"You forget, my child, that *I* do not yet know the nature of your offense," said the minister, in a state of painful anxiety.

"But I'm going to inform you, sir! and, oh, I hope you will take pity on me and tell me what to do; for though I dread to speak, I can't keep it on my conscience any longer, it is such a heavy weight on my breast!"

"Sin always *is*, my poor girl!" said the pastor, with a deep groan.

"But, sir, you know I had no mother, as you said yourself!"

"I know it, my poor girl, and am ready to make every allowance!" said the old pastor, with a deep sigh, not knowing what next to expect.

"And—and—I hope you will forgive me, sir! but—*but he was so handsome I couldn't help liking him!*"

"Miss Black!!" cried the horrified pastor.

"There! I *knew* you'd just go and bite my head off the very first thing! Oh dear, what shall I do!" sobbed Capitola.

The good pastor, who had started to his feet, remained gazing upon her in a panic of consternation, murmuring to himself:

"Good angels! I am fated to hear more great sins than if I were a prison chaplain!" Then going up to the sobbing delinquent, he said:

"Unhappy girl! who is this person of whom you speak?"

"H—h—h—him that I met when I went walking in the woods," sobbed Capitola.

"Heaven of Heavens! this is worse than my very worst fears!—Wretched girl! tell me instantly the name of this base deceiver!"

"He—he—he's no base deceiver; he—he—he's very amiable and good-looking; and—and—and that's why I liked him so much; it was all my fault, not his, poor, dear fellow!"

"His name?" sternly demanded the pastor.

"Alf—Alf—Alfred," wept Capitola.

"Alfred *whom?*"

"Alfred Blen—Blen—Blenheim!"

"Miserable girl! how often have you met this miscreant in the forest?"

"I—don't—know!" sobbed Capitola.

"Where is the wretch to be found now?"

"Oh, please don't hurt him, sir! Please don't! He—he—he's *hid in the closet in my room.*"

A groan that seemed to have rent his heart in twain burst from the bosom of the minister, as he repeated in deepest horror:

"In your room!! (Well! I must prevent murder being done!) Did you not know, you poor child, the danger you ran by giving this young man private interviews; and, above all, admitting him to your apartment? Wretched girl! better you'd never been born than ever so to have received a man!"

"Man? *man?* MAN?—I'd like to know what you mean by *that*, Mr. Goodwin!" exclaimed Capitola, lifting her eyes flashing through their tears.

"I mean the man to whom you have given these private interviews."

"*I!—I* give private interviews to a man! Take care what you say, Mr. Goodwin! I won't be insulted! no not even by *you!*"

"Then if you are not talking of a man, who or what in the world *are* you talking about?" exclaimed the amazed minister.

"Why, Alfred, the Blenheim poodle that strayed away from some of the neighbor's houses, and that I found in the woods and brought home and hid in my closet, for fear he would be inquired after, or uncle would find it out, and make me give him up! I knew it was wrong, but then he was so pretty——"

Before Capitola had finished her speech Mr. Goodwin had seized his hat, and rushed out of the house in indignation, nearly overturning Old Hurricane, whom he met on the lawn, and to whom he said—

"Thrash that girl as if she were a bad boy! for she richly deserves it!"

"There! what did I say! now you see what a time I have with her! she makes me sweat, I tell you!" said Old Hurricane in triumph.

"Oh! oh! oh!" groaned the sorely tried minister.

"What's it now?" inquired Old Hurricane.

The pastor took the major's arm, and while they walked up and down before the house, told how he had been 'sold' by Capitola, ending by saying—

"You will have to take her firmly in hand."

"I'll do it!" said Old Hurricane. "I'll do it."

The pastor then called for his horse, and resisting all his host's entreaties to stay to tea, took his departure.

Major Warfield re-entered the house, resolving to say nothing to Capitola for the present, but to seize the very first opportunity of punishing her for this flippancy.

The village fair had commenced on Monday. It had been arranged that all Major Warfield's family should go, though not all upon the same day. It was proposed that on Thursday, when the festival should be at its hight, Major Warfield, Capitola and the house-servants should go. And on Saturday, Mrs. Condiment, Mr. Ezy and the farm-servants should have a holiday for the same purpose.

Therefore upon Thursday morning all the household bestirred themselves at an unusually early hour, and appeared before breakfast in their best Sunday's suit.

Capitola came down to breakfast in a rich, blue silk carriage dress, looking so fresh, blooming and joyous, that it went to the old man's heart to disappoint her; yet Old Hurricane resolved, as the pastor had told him, to "be firm," and once for all, by inflicting punishment to bring her to a sense of her errors.

"There, you need not trouble yourself to get ready, Capitola, you shall not go to the fair with us!" he said, as Cap. took her seat.

"Sir!" exclaimed the girl, in surprise.

"Oh yes! you may stare! but I'm in earnest! you have behaved very badly! you have deeply offended our pastor! you have no reverence, no docility, no propriety, and I mean to bring you to a sense of your position by depriving you of some of your indulgences! and in a word, to begin, I say you shall not go to the fair to-day!"

"You mean, sir, that I shall not go with *you*, although you promised that I should!" said Cap., coolly.

"I mean you shall not go *at all*, demmy!"

"I'd like to know who'll prevent me," said Cap.

"*I* will, Miss Vixen! Demmy, I'll not be set at naught by a beggar!——Mrs. Condiment! leave the room, mum! and don't be sitting there listening to every word I have to say to my ward! Wool! be off with yourself, sir! what do you stand there gaping and staring for?—be off, or——" the old man looked around for a missile, but before he found one the room was evacuated except by himself and Capitola.

"Now, minion!" he began as soon as he found himself alone with the little rebel—

"I did not choose to mortify you before the servants, but once for all, I will have you to understand that I intend to be obeyed!" And Old Hurricane "gathered his brows like a gathering storm."

"Sir, if you were really my uncle, or my *father*, or my *legal guardian*, I should have no choice but to obey you; but the same fate that made me *desolate* made me *free!* a freedom that I would not exchange for any gilded slavery!" said Cap., gaily.

"Pish! tush! pshaw! I say I will have no more of this nonsense! I say I will be obeyed," cried Old Hurricane, striking his cane down upon the floor—"and in proof of it I order you immediately to go and take off that gala dress and settle yourself down to your studies for the day!"

"Uncle, I will obey you as far as taking off this dress goes, for since you won't give me a seat in your carriage I shall have to put on my habit and ride Gyp," said Cap., good humoredly.

"WHAT!! do you dare to hint that you have the slightest idea of going to the fair against my will?"

"Yes, sir!" said Cap., gaily—"sorry it's against your will, but can't help it! not used to being ordered about and don't know how to submit, and so I'm going!"

"Ungrateful girl! actually meditating disobedience *on the horse I gave her!*"

"Easy now, uncle—fair and easy! I did not sell my free will for Gyp! I wouldn't for a thousand Gyps! He was a free gift!" said Capitola, beginning an impatient little dance about the floor.

"Come here to me! Come—here—to—me!" exclaimed the old man, peremptorily, rapping his cane down upon the floor with every syllable.

Capitola danced up to him, and stood, half smiling, and fingering and arranging the lace of her under sleeves.

"Listen to me, you witch! Do you intend to obey me or NOT!"

"NOT!" said Cap., good-humoredly adjusting her cameo bracelet, and holding up her arm to see its effect.

"You will not! Then demmy, Miss, I shall know how to make you!" thundered Old Hurricane, bringing the point of his stick down with a sharp rap.

"Eh!" cried Capitola, looking up in astonishment.

"Yes, Miss! *that's* what I said! MAKE you!"

"I should like to know how," said Cap., returning to her cool good-humor.

"You would, would you? Demmy, I'll tell you! I have broken haughtier spirits than yours in my life! Would you know how?"

"Yes," said Capitola, indifferently, still busied with her bracelets.

"Stoop and I will whisper the mystery."

Capitola bent her graceful head to hear.

"*With the rod!*" hissed Old Hurricane, maliciously.

Capitola sprang up as if she had been shot, wave after wave of blood tiding up in burning blushes over neck, face and forehead, then turning abruptly, she walked off to the window.

Old Hurricane, terrified at the effect of his rude, rash words, stood excommunicating himself for having been provoked to use them, nor was the next aspect of Capitola one calculated to re-assure his perturbed feelings.

She turned around; her face was as white and still as marble, except her glittering eyes, that, half sheathed under their long lashes, flashed like stilettoes; raising her hand and keeping her eyes fixed upon him, with the slow and gliding motion, and the deep and measured voice that scarcely seemed to belong to a denizen of earth, she approached and stood before him, and spoke these words—

"Uncle, in all the sorrows, shames and sufferings of my destitute childhood, no one ever dishonored my person with a blow; and if ever you should have the misfortune to forget your manhood so far as to strike me——" she paused, drew her breath hard between her set teeth, grew a shade whiter, while her dark eyes dilated until a white ring flamed around the iris.

"Oh, you perilous witch, what then?" cried Old Hurricane, in dismay.

"Why then," said Capitola, speaking in a low, deep, and measured tone, and keeping her gaze fixed upon his astonished face, "the—first—time—I—should—find—you—asleep—I—would—take—a—razor—and——"

"Cut my throat! I feel you would, you terrible termagant!" shuddered Old Hurricane.

"*Shave your beard off smick, smack, smooee!*" said Cap., bounding off and laughing merrily as she ran out of the room!

In an instant she came bounding back, saying—"Uncle! I will meet you at the fair! *au revoir! au revoir!*" and kissing her hand, she danced away and ran off to her room.

"She'll kill me! I know she will! If she don't in one way she will in another! Whew! I'm perspiring at every pore. Wool! Wool, you scoundrel!" exclaimed the old man, jerking the bell-rope as if he would have broken the wires.

"Yes, sir! here I am, marse!" exclaimed that worthy, hastening in, in a state of perturbation, for he dreaded another storm.

"Wool! go down to the stables and tell every man there, that if either of them allow a horse to be brought out for the use of Miss Black today, I'll flay them alive, and break every bone in their skins! Away with you!"

"Yes, sir!" cried the shocked and terrified Wool, hurrying off to convey his panic to the stables.

Old Hurricane's carriage being ready, he entered it and drove off for the fair.

Next, the house-servants (with the exception of Pitapat, who was commanded to remain behind and wait upon her mistress) went off in a wagon.

When they were all gone, Capitola dressed herself in her riding-habit, and sent Pitapat down to the stables to order one of the grooms to saddle Gyp and bring him up for her.

Now when the little maid delivered this message, the unfortunate grooms were filled with dismay—they feared their tyrannical little mistress almost as much as their despotic old master, who in the next change of his capricious temper might punch all their heads for crossing the will of his favorite, even though in doing so they had followed his directions. An immediate private consultation was the consequence, and the result was that the head groom came to Pitapat, told her that he was sorry, but that Miss Black's pony had fallen lame.

The little maid went back with this answer.

When she was gone the head groom, calling to his fellows, said:

"That young gal aint a-gwine to be fooled either by ole marse or *we!* She'll be down here herself nex' minute and have the horse walked out! Now we must make him lame a little! Light a match here, Jem, and I'll burn him foot!"

This was immediately done. And sure enough, while poor Gyp was still smarting with his burn, Capitola came, holding up her riding train and hurrying to the scene, and asking indignantly:

"Who dares to say that my horse is lame? Bring him out here this instant that I may see him!"

The groom immediately took poor Gyp and led him limping to the presence of his mistress.

At the sight Capitola was almost ready to cry with grief and indignation!

"He was not lame last evening! It must have been your carelessness, you good-for-nothing set of loungers! And if he is not well enough to take me to the fair to-morrow at least, I'll have the whole set of you lamed for life!" she exclaimed, angrily, as she turned off and went up to the house—not caring so much, after all, for her own personal disappointment as for Old Hurricane's triumph.

Cap.'s ill-humor did not last long. She soon exchanged her riding-habit for a morning wrapper, and took her needle-work and sat down to sew by the [illegible] of Mrs. Condiment in the housekeeper's [illegible]. The day [illegible]ed as usual, only that just after sunset Mrs. [illegible]ndiment, as a matter of precau[illegible] [illegible]ver the house se[illegible]indows and door[illegible] [illegible]ore nightfall. Then, after an early tea, M[illegible]ndiment, Capitola and the little maid, Pit[illegible], gathered around the bright little wood fire that the chilly Spring evening made necessary in the housekeeper's room. Mrs. Condiment was knitting, Capitola stitching a bosom for the Major's shirts, and Pitapat winding yarn from a reel.

The conversation of the three females left alone in the old house naturally turned upon subjects of fear—ghosts, witches and robbers.

Mrs. Condiment had a formidable collection of accredited stories of apparitions, warnings, dreams, omens, etc., all true as gospel. There was a haunted house, she said, in their own neighborhood—The Hidden House. It was well authenticated that ever since the mysterious murder of Eugene Le Noir, unaccountable sights and sounds had been seen and heard in and about the dwelling. A traveler, a brother officer of Colonel Le Noir, had slept there once, and 'in the dead waste and middle of the night' had had his curtains drawn by a lady, pale and passing fair, dressed in white, with flowing hair, who, as soon as he attempted to speak to her, fled. And it was well known that there was no lady about the premises.

Another time old Mr. Ezy himself, when out after coons, and coming through the woods near the house, had been attracted by seeing a window near the roof lighted up by a strange blue flame; drawing near, he saw within the lighted room a female clothed in white, passing and repassing the window.

Another time, when old Major Warfield was out with his dogs, the chase led him past the haunted house, and as he swept by he caught a glimpse of a pale, wan, sorrowful female face pressed against the window-pane of an upper room, which vanished in an instant.

"But might not that have been some young woman staying at the house?" asked Capitola.

"No, my child, it is well ascertained that since the murder of Eugene Le Noir and the disappearance of his lovely young widow, no white female has crossed the threshold of that fatal house!" said Mrs. Condiment.

"*Disappearance* did you say?—Can a lady of condition *disappear* from a neighborhood and no inquiry be made for her?"

"No, my dear, there was inquiry, and it was answered plausibly—that Madame Eugene was insane and sent off to a Lunatic Asylum; but there are those who believe that the lovely lady was privately made way with," whispered Mrs. Condiment.

"How dreadful! I did not think such things happened in a quiet country neighborhood. Something like that occurred, indeed, in New York, within my own recollection, however," said Capitola, who straightway commenced and related the story of Mary Rogers, and all other stories of terror that memory supplied her with.

As for poor little Pitapat, she did not presume to enter into the conversation, but with her ball of yarn suspended in her hand, her eyes started until they threatened to burst from their sockets, and her chin dropped until her mouth gaped wide open, she sat and swallowed every word, listening with a thousand-audience power.

By the time they had frightened themselves pretty thoroughly the clock struck eleven, and they thought it was time to retire.

"Will you be afraid, Mrs. Condiment?" asked Capitola.

"Well, my dear, if I am, I must try to trust in the Lord and overcome it, since it is no use to be afraid. I have fastened up the house well, and I have brought in Growler, the bull-dog, to sleep on the mat outside of my bedroom door, so I shall say my prayers and try to go to sleep. I dare say there is no danger, only it seems lonesome like for us three women to be left in this big house by ourselves."

"Yes," said Capitola; "but as you say there is no danger, and as for me, if it will give you any comfort or courage to hear me say it, I am not the *least* afraid! although I sleep in such a remote room, and have no one but Patty, who, having no more heart than a hare, is not near such a powerful protector as Growler." And bidding her little maid to take up the night-lamp, Capitola wished Mrs. Condiment good-night, and left the house-keeper's room.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE OLD DEACON'S WILL;

OR,

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

Grantford, like most New England villages a quarter of a century ago, was the home of a goodly number of pretty young ladies, and not a few whose charms were already on the wane. The tide of emigration had borne many of her younger and more adventurous sons far from the arid soil of New England, and though some returned from time to time to transplant the roses that had bloomed in their native parterres to more genial climes, or to the fresh fields they had chosen for their life labors, there were still enough and more than enough left to the loneliness of maidenhood.

It came to pass, therefore, that in Grantford, among a score or more of young ladies there were but two or three beaux who could be reckoned at all eligible, and only one who was really so in the estimation of the aforesaid damsels. As may be imagined, therefore, the pleasant attentions that were paid him and the caps that were set at him, figuratively, in the shape of careful toilets, ribbons that were souvenirs of some expression of his taste, floating curls, and arch glances, were quite "too numerous to mention."

This fortunate individual found it quite difficult so to distribute himself and his attentions as to give general satisfaction. For a time, not owing to any especial and powerful attraction, he revolved in the orbit of Grantford society, making himself equally agreeable to all save those young gentlemen who found themselves slightly eclipsed by him, and secondary objects in the regards of the ladies.

The natural consequence of this state of things was that Mr. Edward Elliott became slightly vain, and he at length cast his eyes upon Marcia Foster, the only child of Deacon Amasa Foster, and heiress of all the worthy and wealthy deacon's large estate. Now, Edward Elliott had a fine unencumbered property, his widowed mother and sister having received their share of his late father's estate, in a house in the village and a sum of money especially set apart for them in the will of the deceased. It was this circumstance that made him so decidedly eligible, (matrimonially speaking,) and when it was considered that his fine farm joined that of Deacon Foster, nobody could deny that it seemed specially ordained that these young people, by uniting themselves, should also unite these fair and wide estates.

When, therefore, it began to be whispered about that Edward Elliott was "keeping company" with Marcia Foster, everybody declared that it was a good thing and just what they had predicted for months past. Nobody owned to any dissatisfaction; and if there were any young ladies who in their hearts felt sensations of disappointment, they concealed them by the gay and careless manner in which they turned to the attention of the remaining beaux.

Edward Elliott *was* "keeping company" with Marcia Foster. Every Sunday evening found him alighting, at twilight, at Deacon Foster's gate, and lights gleamed from the east parlor windows at hours most unusual in that stately and formal household. And as the two appeared frequently together in public, the good people of Grantford were beginning to listen, on Sunday mornings, for the reading of the banns which would announce a speedy consummation of the marriage.

Gossip was busy with the probable number of dresses which the bride's trousseau would contain, the yards of napery, the piles of blankets and quilts, and the feather beds, tables, chairs, bureaus and other plenishing that would be transferred from the Foster to the Elliott mansion, for which latter they already predicted many repairs and much beautification.

Something to talk about and speculate upon, was a great boon to the gossips of Grantford. And nothing could exceed in interest an expected wedding, especially with the honorable sisterhood of ancient maidens, who having given up all hope for themselves, were proportionably busy with the matrimonial projects and prospects of their neighbors.

But they were doomed to a considerable disappointment in this matter, a disappointment, however, softened in some degree by a new source of gossip. A new actor appeared upon the scene at Grantford, who is of sufficient importance to warrant a paragraph of description.

Charles Saymour, who appeared so suddenly upon the stage of Grantford life, that the first discovery of him by any individual save the landlord of the hotel, whom he had aroused out of his slumbers at a late hour the previous night, was his appearance at early morning in an exceedingly wide-awake character upon the stoop of the said hotel, represented himself to be a wealthy city gentleman in search of health and rustic quiet for the summer months. He was young, apparently not over twenty-five, with a dark kind of manly beauty that consisted of black eyes which rested upon you at times with a sort of dangerous velvety softness, and anon flashed with some sudden emotion in a lurid glow that startled you ere it was quickly veiled beneath the long lashes; of a clear brown complexion, and glossy well-kept hair and beard of the intensest blackness. Added to this he had the whitest of teeth and hands, a fine athletic figure, a soft, low voice, and a most insinuating manner. In short, he far surpassed, in exterior, all the Grantford beaux, and being always well-dressed and at leisure, and anxiously seeking to enlarge the number of his acquaintances, he speedily became a favorite in the little social circle of the village. Though, if the truth must be told, this charming young man was looked upon with more envy than favor by some of the Grantford beaux, whom he had superseded in the regards of their chosen ladies.

It was not to be supposed that he would long remain ignorant of the engagement of Edward Elliott and Marcia Foster. Nor, as this was the engrossing theme of conversation in Grantford, save when, in his absence, he and his doings could be discussed, did he fail to learn that Marcia was handsome and would be rich, as she was the sole heiress of all her father's wealth. Nor that she was something of a coquette, and had often been heard to declare that she would never marry any one in Grantford, but meant to coax her father to allow her to spend a winter with her aunt in the city, where she could try her artillery of charms upon the city beaux. She would try, she said, at any rate, before fixing herself unalterably in the humdrum life of Grantford, where the cares of the dairy and nursery, and the weekly attendance at church, filled the whole existence of the matrons, and left them only reminiscences of youthful pleasures.

Some surmised, drawn out by Charles Saymour's skillful questionings, that Marcia had been commanded by her father to accept the offer of Edward Elliott, and that the good old man was sacrificing his daughter to his desire to unite the Foster and Elliott estates into the finest property in the county, and pitied her greatly as the victim of avarice and cupidity, on the part of both father and lover. Others hinted vaguely that if Edward Elliott could have obtained the hand of the girl he loved, he never would have sold himself to the projects of the Fosters. And still others averred that Marcia was dying from some concealed and terrible disappointment in love, and believing that her life was to be of short duration, had been willing to sacrifice its remnant to secure the happiness of her parents and her suitor. And though these stories were contradicted by Marcia's blooming cheeks, and buoyant manner, and Edward's assiduous and very lover-like attentions, they were quite as current as though they had had any foundation in truth.

Of course, Charles Saymour's curiosity had become considerably excited during the three weeks of his stay in Grantford that elapsed before he met Marcia Foster. That young lady had been absent, during that time, on a visit to the city, supposed to have reference to the bridal wardrobe which was soon to astonish the good people of Grantford. Edward Elliott had escorted her thither, and returned again to bring her home, so that he too had been absent during most of Saymour's stay, and the two had not met.

Charles Saymour first saw Marcia Foster at the village church. He observed her gay coquettish manner, saw, by the finery with which she had loaded herself, that she was fond of dress, and judged, not mistakenly, that it would not be impossible to reach her heart through her vanity and love of admiration. She too saw him, and fresh from the gay life she had been living in her aunt's house, she detected at once his air of fashion, so far as related to dress and exterior appointments, and began to form plans in her silly little head to make his acquaintance and bring him to her feet.

Neither heeded Edward Elliott's looks of distress, nor the frown that deepened on his fine brow as he detected Marcia's coquettish glances in the direction of the pew where Charles Saymour sat, in the gleams that shot toward her from that young gentleman's deep black eyes.

Edward reproached his lady-love with this, when he came to her in the evening, but instead of the pretty penitence that had met any previous attempts of his to reprove her coquettish propensities, he found her prepared to assert her right, "not being yet either his wife or his slave, to look at whom she pleased," and to threaten him with a dissolution of the engagement if he attempted to control her actions.

They parted, the one in a sorrowful, the other in a defiant mood. Edward went home full of sad forebodings. He felt instinctively that he was more than the equal in manly worth of his rival, for so he had already learned to call Charles Saymour, and his mirror showed him a fine face and handsome person which, if they lacked the artificial graces that adorned Saymour, bore the stamp of his noble young manhood. In all unpurchaseable excellence, he knew that he could compete with the disturber of his bliss, and he retired to rest somewhat comforted by the thought.

But he had not calculated enough on Marcia's vanity, her ignorance of the world, and the brilliant hues with which she had invested the tumultuous city life and its belongings, into which she had but peeped, during her late visit.

All things that bore the city mark had suddenly become marvelously elevated in her estimation, and she was therefore in the precise state to appreciate the superficial graces of Charles Saymour, and to be ready to accept, with equal readiness, his acquaintance and his attentions.

Ere a week was passed she was seen walking and riding through the streets of Grantford in his company. Twice during that time Edward Elliott had called upon her, to find all his efforts to remonstrate with her upon her course thwarted by the presence of his rival. On the following Sunday morning Saymour accompanied her to church, and sat in the deacon's pew, and glances of hate and triumph were interchanged between him and Edward Elliott sadly out of place in that temple of devotion, where all worldly strifes and enmities are supposed to be harmonized by reverent devotion. And though the betrothed ones passed the evening together, in a somewhat stormy interview, ere the following Sabbath shone peacefully over the quiet streets of Grantford, Marcia had left her home in company with her fascinating new acquaintance.

There was sorrow and lamentation in two homes in Grantford on that lovely summer Sabbath. None of the Elliotts appeared at church, and it was whispered that Edward had gone in pursuit of the fugitives. But Deacon Foster had prayed in his closet, and at his family devotions, for the erring and lost one, and sat, with a holy and reverent calm on the face that seemed suddenly grown aged, in his accustomed place. Mrs. Foster, less able to exercise control, wept behind her veil, as she sat beside him; and the good pastor, who had loved Marcia from her babyhood, prayed fervently that all who were in unusual affliction might be comforted and strengthened, and that they who erred and strayed from the right and safe path might be brought back unharmed, and delivered from the hands of evil men.

One must need understand something of the New England character, reverent and respectful, and strenuous of all the forms of respectability, to understand what a thrill of horror ran through the community when the elopement of Marcia Foster was known. And there were not wanting those, some of whom had known and loved her all her life till then, who sternly looked upon all her after sufferings as the just punishment of the crimes of disobedience to her parents, and of broken vows.

For Marcia suffered much and deeply. Her foolish vanity had led her to throw herself into the arms of one much worse than a mere adventurer—a man already sinful, and ready for the commission of any crime short of those which receive the extreme penalties of the law. He had looked upon his marriage with Marcia as a successful speculation, and really felt that the old man might be glad to give his great property to so handsome a scoundrel.

But Deacon Foster, who died within the year, his death accelerated by Marcia's conduct, as many averred, in a carefully prepared will left but five hundred dollars to her, giving all else, save his wife's dowry, to benevolent associations, and instructing her to bequeath that, at her death, to Edward Elliott.

It is not our purpose here to enter into any details of Marcia's life after she found, to her great sorrow, that "all is not gold that glitters." Her career was hidden from all her friends for many years. Then, when she was almost forgotten in Grantford, she suddenly returned thither, a gaunt specter of her former self, her sunny curls thinned by illness, and whitened by premature age, and became a member of the family of Edward Elliott, long ere that time the happy husband of one of the sweetest girls who ever bloomed modestly among the hills of his native town. Here, quietly and sadly, she wore out the brief remnant of her days, and was laid to rest beside the parents whose gray hairs she had bowed in sorrow to the grave.

* * *

Always Busy.—That's right, my lad, you will be something yet. We never knew a smart, active, industrious boy, who did not turn out an energetic, enterprising, and wealthy man. Better wear out than rust out, is a good proverb, and we rejoice to see you follow it up. We would rather have you than a dozen dozy-headed, sleeping, inactive youths, who do nothing from morning till night, but beat the chiars, smoke cigars, and grunt to the customers.

BALLAD OF THE OLD TIME.

BY ALICE CARY.

Now the hickory with its hum
  Cheers the wild and rainy weather,
And the shoemaker has come
  With his lapstone, last and leather.

With his head as white as wool,
  With the wrinkles getting bolder,
And his heart with news as full
  As the wallet on his shoulder.

How the children's hearts will beat,
  How their eyes will shine with pleasure,
As he sets their little feet,
  Bare and rosy, in his measure.

And how, behind his chair
  They will steal grave looks to summon,
As he ties away his hair
  From his forehead, like a woman.

When he tells the merry news
  How their eyes will laugh and glisten,
While the mother binds the shoes
  And they gather round and listen.

But each one, leaning low
  On his lapstone, will be crying,
As he tells how little Jo
  With a broken back, is dying.

Of the way he came to fall
  In the flowery April weather,
Of the new shoes on the wall
  That are hanging, tied together.

How the face of little Jo
  Has grewn white, and they who love him
See the shadows come and go
  As if angels flew above him.

And the old shoemaker true
  To the woe of the disaster,
Will lift his apron blue
  To his eyes, then work the faster.

A HUNT ON THE HIGHWAY.

FROM THE "RECORD" OF A SHERIFF.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

There was a shrewd robber somewhere. The farm houses were robbed; stores were robbed; the tills of the bars at the wayside inns were robbed; and people had their pockets picked. All this happened in the region of country between Sidney and Lowstone—not a field of vast extent—and yet the robber, or robbers, could not be found. Officers had searched in every direction, and several suspicious looking individuals had been apprehended; but the real culprit still remained at large. One day the mail was robbed, and on the next a man had his pocket picked of ten thousand dollars while riding in the stage-coach. The money had been carried in his breast-pocket, and he knew it was stolen from him while he was enjoying a bit of doze on the road.

I had been confined to my house by a severe cold for several days, and was not fit to go out now; but as this matter was becoming so serious, I felt it my duty to be on the move, and accordingly I fortified my throat and breast with warm flannel, and set forth. I had no settled plan in my mind, for I had not yet been upon the road, and was not thoroughly "posted up." A ride of five miles in my own carriage brought me to Sidney, and thence I meant to take the stage to Lowstone, where Sam Stickney, one of the shrewdest of my deputies, lived. Stickney had already been on the search, and I wished to consult him before making any decided movement. I reached Sidney at half-past five in the morning, and the stage left at six. Lowstone was sixty miles distant, so I had a good ride before me. During the early part of the day I rode upon the box with the driver, and from him I gained considerable information touching the various robberies that had been committed. He was forced to admit that several people had been robbed in his stage, though he declared that he couldn't see into it, for he had not the most remote idea, even, of who the robber could be.

We reached Bonnville at noon, where we stopped to dine, and when we left this place I was the only passenger. A cool wind was blowing, and as I wished to be as careful as possible I got inside, where I had room in plenty. At the distance of twelve miles—at a little settlement which went by the name of "Poodle City" we stopped to change horses, and here another passenger got on board. I had been occupying the forward seat, as that happened to be wider than the others, and gave me a better opportunity for lying down; and when the new-comer entered he took the back seat. He was a young man, I judged, and not very tall in stature; but so completely bundled up was he in shawls and mufflers, that his size of frame was not so easily determined. He was very pale, and coughed badly; and I at once made up my mind that he was far less fit to travel than I was. After we had got fairly on our way I remarked to him that I had been suffering from a severe cold, and that this was the first time I had ventured out for quite a number of days. He looked at me out of a pair of dark, bright eyes; and when he seemed to have determined what manner of man I was, he said—

"I have something worse than a cold, sir." He broke into a fit of coughing, which lasted a minute or so, and then added—"It won't be a great while before I shall take my last ride!"

"You are consumptive?" I suggested.

"Almost gone with it," he replied. Again he was seized with a spasm of coughing, and when he had recovered from it, he continued—"The disease is eating me up and shaking me to pieces at the same time."

He further informed me that he had started on a tour for his health, but that he had given it up, and was now on his way home, which place he was anxious to reach as soon as possible. Another paroxysm seized him at this point, and he intimated that he was unable to converse, as the effort brought on his cough. I had noticed this, and had made up my mind to trouble him no more, even before he gave me the hint.

After this he drew his outer shawl more closely about his neck and face, and having secured an easy posture, he closed his eyes, and I was not long in following his example. Towards the middle of the afternoon the stage stopped at a small village, where we changed horses again, and where four passengers got in. This broke up the arrangement of my friend and self for rest, as he had to take one of the strangers upon his seat, while I took another upon mine, the other two occupying the middle seat. The new-comers soon broached the subject of the robberies which had been committed in that region, and I listened to gain information if possible; but they knew no more than everybody else knew. They had heard all about it, and were inflated with wonder. One—an old farmer—asked me if I knew anything of the robber. I told him that I knew but little of the affair in any way, having been sick, and unable to be out among folks. Then he asked my consumptive friend if he knew anything about it. The latter raised his head from its reclining position, and was upon the point of answering, when we heard our driver, in quick, abrupt tones, ordering some one to get out of the road. I instinctively put my head out at the window to see what the trouble was, and my eye was just quick enough to detect a load of faggots in season to dodge back and avoid them. The road was quite narrow at this point, and as the faggots were loaded very widely, it was impossible for the driver to wholly avoid them, and the side of the coach was swept by them quite smartly. I escaped without being touched, but not so my friend. I heard an exclamation—I thought rather a profane one—from his lips, and on looking towards him I saw that one of the faggots had struck him over the left eye, making quite a mark upon the pale skin.

"Curses on the lout!" he muttered, as he pressed his hand upon the pain-spot. "I'd rather be robbed a dozen times than get such a blow as that!"

Whereupon an old lady—probably the wife of the farmer before mentioned, remarked that it was "a marcy it hadn't put out his eye!"

"These fellows ought to be taken up for loading their faggots out so," said another of the passengers. "It'll do very well to load hay out wide, for that won't hurt nobody if it does hit 'em; but faggots is different."

This turned the conversation from the subject of the robberies, and it was not renewed again during the day.

We reached Lowstone shortly after dark, and I went at once to the residence of Mr. Stickney, whom I found at home. He had been out all day, and had made all sorts of efforts to obtain some clue to the perpetrators of the robberies that were being committed, but without effect.

"I can learn nothing," he said, "upon which to hang a suspicion. Two stores have been robbed in this place, but not a clue can I gain to the perpetrators. They must be old birds."

"Have you seen Gamblit?" I asked. Gamblit was the deputy at Orton, a town twelve miles distant.

"Not lately," replied Stickney.

"He has been at work!" I suggested.

"Yes—I am sure of it."

"Then," said I, "we will go over in the morning to Orton, and with Gamblit in company we may be able to perfect some arrangement for pursuing this investigation to better advantage."

This met the views of my host, and so we left the matter for the evening. On the following morning we were up early, and as the stage would take us directly to Gamblit's house, we chose that mode of conveyance, and repaired at a seasonable hour to the tavern for that purpose. When we reached the inn we found the old farmer, who had been one of my fellow-passengers on the night before, stepping about the piazza in a high state of excitement. He had been robbed of twelve hundred dollars, and he was sure it must have been done in the stage-coach, for he had slept with his pocket-book under his pillow. He had not thought to look into it when he retired, but he had found it empty that morning when he got up. He said the wallet had been taken from his pocket and put back again—he knew it. As soon as he saw me he was anxious that I should be searched. I allowed him to perform the operation, and then I told him who I was, and informed him of my business.

"But," said I, "where is the pale, consumptive man, who came in with us?"

"He went away last night," answered the landlord, who stood near.

My first aim was to satisfy myself that the old man had been robbed in the stage-coach, and of this he succeeded in convincing me. After this my suspicions rested upon the consumptive man, and I believed, if I could find him, I should find a rogue. Should we go to Orton, or remain where we were? Stickney said, go to Orton first—get Gamblit—and then make up a programme for action. So I bade the landlord to keep a sharp look out; and also spoke with the driver who had brought me from Sidney, and who was now on the point of returning; requesting him, if he saw anything of the pale man, to see that he was secured. The suspicious individual had only remained at the inn a few minutes on the previous evening, and had then gone away in a wagon which had come for him; but no one could tell what direction he had taken.

The coach for Orton soon came to the door, and Stickney and myself took our seats upon the inside, the farmer having determined to remain where he was until he heard something from his money. There were two other passengers on the inside, and two or three on the outside, but they were strangers to me. We had gone two or three miles, when the driver pulled up before a small farm-house, where a woman and a trunk were waiting by the garden gate. The lady was handed into the coach, and took a seat facing me, and as she turned to give the driver some direction concerning her baggage she threw her veil over her bonnet. She was pretty—very pretty—with rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes, and teeth that gleamed in their pure whiteness like pearls. Her hair hung in glossy brown ringlets over her neck and shoulders, and was a type of beauty in itself. I looked at the rosy cheeks again—and at the pearly teeth—and into her dark, lustrous eyes. My gaze was fixed upon this latter point when she caught my glance, and quickly dropped her veil. At first I felt a little ashamed at having been caught in so rude an act as that of staring at her so boldly; but as the face was hidden from sight, and I had opportunity for reflection, it struck me that I had seen those features before.

Here was a study for me, and I was buried in it at once. Where had I seen that face? Was it possible that I had ever known that woman—one so lovely—and now forgotten her? I thought over all the intimate friends of my wife; but she was not to be found there. Then I thought over all the pretty girls I had known before I was married;—but when I had called them all by name I remembered that the girl before me must have been a mere child when I was a single man. It was annoying—it made me provoked with myself—to think that I could not call this piece of female beauty to mind. I whispered to Stickney, and asked him if he had ever seen her before. He said he had not, and joked me for being so curious about a pretty face.

We stopped at a place called "Turner's Mills," in the edge of Orton, to exchange mails, and here I jumped out to see the post-master, who was an old friend of mine; and as I was returning to the coach the thought struck me to go and look at the trunk which had been last put on, and see if any name was on it. It was marked with the simple initials—"A. M." So that was all I gained from that source. As I came to the coach-door I approached it from behind, and as I cast my eyes up I found that the beauty had her veil raised, and was looking in at the post-office, as though anxious for the mail to come, that we might be off. The expression of anxiety detracted somewhat from her beauty, and as I looked upon her now, seeing her face in a different light, I was struck with a sort of snake-like cast which was perceptible in the whole character of her features. I was upon the point of withdrawing my gaze, lest she should catch me a second time, when a slight motion of her head rolled the curls over her temple, and I saw a faint line, something like a vein, over her left eye. It was a mark—a livid scratch—where something had struck her. It might have been the stroke of a whip. But—no! I quickly glided back behind the coach, and there I reflected. Such a mark as that *could* be made by a whip, but I was sure that THAT mark *had been made by a faggot!*

When I returned to my seat in the coach the fair passenger's veil was down again. Could it be possible that my suspicions were correct, and that chance had thus thrown in my way a solution of the problem which had vexed my deputies so much? Yes—I was sure of it; and the more I compared the two faces in my mind, the more I saw the resemblance. Either these cheeks were painted red to-day, or they had been painted white yesterday. The eyes were the same—the contour the same—and that brow, with its tell-tale mark, not to be mistaken.

"What's the matter?" asked Stickney.

"I feel chilly," I replied. "I'm afraid I've caught more cold."

"Never mind.—Here we are. A dose of something warm will help you."

As Stickney spoke we stopped at the door of the inn at Orton. The driver announced that they would stop there fifteen or twenty minutes, to exchange horses, and wait for the mail, and also informed the passengers that they would find plenty of accommodation in the house if they chose to go in.

"Will you step in m'am?" he added, to my beauty.

She said she guessed she would; and he helped her out, and conducted her to the ladies' sitting-room.

"Stickney," said I, "I'm going to find out who that woman is."

"Nonsense!" said he.

"I think I've got a trail to follow."

"Eh?"

"I rode with her yesterday."

"With her?"

"It was a HIM then!"

"She——!"

"Don't take that respectable old gentleman's name in vain; but do you stand here by the door, and pop in the moment you hear anything to warrant it."

I left my deputy in a state of perfect wonderment, and entered the sitting-room. The beauty was sitting by a window, gazing out between the slats of the blinds. She started up as I entered, and let her veil fall.

"I thought this was a private room, sir," she said. Her voice trembled, and sounded unnatural.

"It may be," I returned; "but that does not exclude those who have business. I came on purpose to see you."

There was a momentary struggle, and then she appeared as calm as could be.

"What are you?" she asked.

"I am sheriff of this county," I replied.

"And what do you want with me?"

"I want to know who you are."

"Stop—one moment," she said; and as she spoke she carried her hand beneath her cloak. It was quickly withdrawn, and in it was a pistol, but she had grasped a portion of her dress with it, and before she could clear it, I had sprung upon her and seized her by the arms. But it was a *her* no longer. By the shades of Hercules, but there was more muscle in that slight body than I had bargained for! However, my deputy "popped" in the moment he heard the scuffle, and the beauty was soon secured. The glossy brown tresses fell off during the scuffle, and some of the paint was removed from the cheeks.

As soon as the prisoner was secured I had his trunk taken off and brought in, and upon overhauling its contents we found disguises of all sorts, and quite a sum of money, besides watches and jewelry of much value. I made him assume a proper male attire, and when he stood forth, *in propria persona*, I found that he had not only used red paint for the blushing beauty of to-day, but that he had applied a more cadaverous coloring matter for the consumptive individual of yesterday. As he stood now, he was a lithe-built, intelligent looking you[illegible] of not more than five-and-twenty; but with a c[illegible]-blooded expression upon his marble face, [illegible] an evil look in his dark eyes.

We carried him back to L[illegible]stone, where we found the money of the old farmer upon him, besides other money which had been lost by different individuals. At first he told strange stories of himself, but finally, when he knew that the worst must come, he confessed the whole. He was from New Orleans, and had come up here on purpose to rob. He had had two confederates with him, who had helped him from place to place. One of them had taken him away from the inn on the night before, and the other had brought him and set him down at the farmer's garden-gate that morning. We made search for these confederates, but they had got wind of their principal's arrest, and were not to be found.

However, we had got the chief sinner, and broken up the game. After he had been found guilty, and sentenced, he seemed to enjoy himself hugely, in telling how he had deceived the good people of our county. Now he would turn himself again into the old woman, who had given the driver so much trouble about her band-box. Then he would be again the meek-browed minister, who had distributed tracts to the passengers, and picked their pockets while they read. Then he would draw himself up into the little hump-backed old man, who had been lifted in to and out of the stage, and robbed his helpers while they fixed his crutches for him. It was funny—very—and perhaps we might never have caught him but for the accident of the faggots. That was not so funny for him; and I doubt if he finds much fun in working at our hard stone—hammering, hammering—early and late—with an inexorable master over him to spur him up when he lags.

UNNATURAL ANTIPATHY.

Never could we understand why there should be a dislike between old bachelors and old maids. Yet there seems to be perpetual enmity between them. They shun each other; they scowl at each other; they speak ill-naturedly of each other; they never marry each other. Bachelors affect widows, and ancient maidens affect widowers, but they have a cat-and-dog antipathy to each other. If any one can give a philosophical reason for this peculiarity please let him speak?

A thought has this moment come hovering down to the surface of this paper. It is to be hoped that it is not true; nevertheless it must be stated: Single people are so well aware of the old, unyielding, and selfish habits and dispositions induced by long dwelling alone that they dread to come in contact with each other, and when, by chance, they become possessed with a determination to end their single blessedness they know better than to yoke themselves with any member of their own ilk, but pick for one who has undergone the discipline of marriage. A person who has once been wed is of sounder mental formation, and of more pliable temper, than one who has stood up for years, alone and unyielding. A. H.

THE BEST RECOMMENDATION.

A youth seeking employment went to one of our large cities, and on inquiring at a certain counting room if they wished a clerk, was told that they did not. On mentioning the recommendations he had, one of which was from a highly respectable citizen, the merchant desired to see them; and in turning over his carpet bag to find his letters, a book rolled out on the floor. "What book is that?" said the merchant. "It is the Bible, sir," was the reply. "And what are you going to do with that book in New York?" The lad looked seriously into his face and replied, "*I promised my mother I would read it every day and I shall do it,*" and burst into tears. The merchant considered *that* the best recommendation he could possibly get, and immediately engaged the boy. In due time he became a partner in the firm, one of the most respectable in the city.

SONG OF THE YOUNG LOVER.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

O Earth! what beauty I behold
  In thee ne'er seen before—
A gladness on the bounding waves,
  A rapture on the shore:
There is new meaning in this life;
  New majesty on Man;
A new immortal music breathed
  From Nature's mighty plan—
It sounds below, around, above,
For I am paradised in love!

II.

O Heaven! what splendor on yon star
  That leads the rose of morn,
A splendor pure and deep and soft
  That seems just newly born:
A flush is on the quiet cloud
  That slowly seems to wake:
The very mist is glorified
  On yonder lighted lake:
Joy burns below, around, above,
For I am paradised in love!

III.

Come, Aveline! come and drink with me
  The gladness and the light;
Together we'll fold up the wings,
  The dreary wings of Night—
Together hail the opening day;
  Lip pressed to lip, behold
The deep, *true* meaning of this world
  Of human hearts unrolled:
Heaven is below, around, above,
For we have been baptized by Love!

A TRUE HISTORY
OF
THE COLONY OF NEW PLYMOUTH.

By I. B.

A Descendant of Anne Bradstreet, commonly called the Tenth Muse, etc., etc.

BOOK II.—CHAPTER II.

HOW THE BOUNDARIES OF NEW ENGLAND WERE DETERMINED.

Testudines testâ suâ inclusæ.

When the colony drum was ready to be beaten at day-break, Captain Miles Standish walked straight into the Council Chamber, and at the first tap of the sticks saluted the sleepers with an emphatic kick apiece on the breech, which caused them to open their eyes. The sentinels, as was customary, took this in good part, but the savage did not comprehend it distinctly. He stood for some time staring at the captain, rubbing the part with the back of his left hand, and occasionally winking both eyes until his senses returned to him, when he gave vent to his surprise by a tremendous *whuh!* This uncouth ejaculation so pleased the commander-in-chief, that it wrung from him a bitter smile, which Samoset at once interpreted as part of the ceremony—and being a better judge of gesture and expression than of etiquette, he construed the act to be a form of compliment peculiar to Christian nations, and received it with so many manifestations of high consideration, that if he had been one of the most experienced of diplomats he could not have displayed more tact under the circumstances.

And indeed, if my reader will excuse the digression, this form of compliment is worth a few words of comment! How did it begin? what nation introduced it? to what epoch shall we ascribe this unequivocal *argumentum ab invidiâ?*

First, then—Man, in his primitive condition, was in no wise fitted to kick or to be kicked. The bare foot of the savage, itself unprotected, was as liable to suffer as to inflict; nor was its power of presenting so sensitive a salute augmented by the inventions of the sandal, the buskin, or the moccasin. As the reply to the question involves the whole history of civilization, it is therefore beyond the limits of a mere historical digression.

Secondly—What nation introduced it? Unquestionably the Germans, or Goths, who, under Alaric, introduced square-toed boots to the fashionable society of Southern Europe. To the Germans, also, we must ascribe all the various phases of this mode of expression; many of which are now current with us—such as the kick vindictive, the kick contemptuous, the kicks offensive and defensive. Then there is the kick contemplative, and the kick demonstrative; with the latter Dr. Johnson demolished the theories of Dr. Berkeley; with the former Dr. Paley proved that a pebble was not a chronometer. Then there is the kick suggestive, and the kick of warning, the forbidding kick, and kick affirmative. Then there are the Caudle kicks—themselves a school, worthy the attention of philosophers; the gambler kick, the devilish-good-joke kick, and the amorous kicklet or toe-tap. Then we have the kicks juvenile, the face-washing kick, the naughty-table kick, the A B C kick, and the castor-oil and pill kicks. And, lastly, a whole rabble of kicks, of which there are many peculiar to New England, especially the kick recognitive, or terpischorian breech-welcome.

Thirdly—As to the epoch to which we must ascribe this fertile source of silent communication? This query is involved in the first two propositions, yet as a matter of generic inquiry, it may be answered: that its necessity became obvious with the introduction of politics—both this form of salutation and its opposite being the distinctive marks or symbols of office. For, from the head of a government to the lowest tide-water, and from the lowest tide-water to the head of a government, through all gradations, the body politic hangs suspended between positive and negative poles of contact. I have in my study the model of a government ladder, of my own invention, with which I often amuse myself when the fatigues of composition are over. The rungs of the ladder are filled with officials, graduated and labeled from the top to the bottom. By an ingenious contrivance the puppets are made to turn upon the rungs, so as to appear either in the line of descent or ascent. By a simple revolution of a crank their relative positions are seen at a glance, while a beautiful illustration of a change in government can be produced by giving the crank a half turn, which presents the entire body in the act of jumping off.

But to return.

The courteous acknowledgments of Samoset for the supposed favor were not lost upon so sagacious an observer as Captain Miles Standish. He at once determined to turn the discovery to account, but dreading the interference of the Council, as much as General Bonaparte did that of the Directory, he forthwith despatched his friend and ally to drum up, and bring in, the rest of the copper-colored tribes to make a treaty. So after treating him to a warm breakfast of pork and hominy, he presented the savage with a couple of Dutch buttons cut from his military coat, as souvenirs, and giving him a parting salute, was pleased to see him on his way across the hill before the wise men of the colony had fairly waked up, and recovered from the effect of the deep potations of the previous night.

The spring was now making its appearance, not the customary livery of tender green, but pioneered by blue-birds, and larger fowl, as well as fleecy clouds and balmier airs than usual. Yet even in this season of hope many of the colonists died—I grieve to say it—and among the rest, Rose Standish.

"Thou wert thrifty of thy sweetness, oh, dead rose of New England," said Captain Standish, "though long and far I bore thee on my bosom. But thy memory is fragrant unto me, even as that of the damask flower, of whom thy name was born; even as the damask flower, whose bloom was pictured in thy cheeks, until death planted there his own white roses. For me thou hast lived, and upon my heart thou hast died,—and as I have lived for thee, so by thy side will I lie. For I am but a barren stalk, to whom no bud has ever clung, and therefore will I seek thee again—oh, solitary flower of my life,—even in the grave—Rose Standish." Although it is the custom at the celebration of forefathers' day to wreathe the punch-bowl with crape, and lower the wine-cups to half-mast in memory of the early settlers who did not endure the first shock of transplanting, yet, all things being considered, the survivors must have had a jolly time of it. For example, Mr. William White, father of Peregrine, dyeth on the 21st of February, 1621, and on the 24th of the month following, Elizabeth, wife of Edward Winslow, dyeth, and on the 12th of the following May, Mrs. Susannah, relic of the late William White, becomes Mrs. Edward Winslow, and has a reception party:

> "With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
> In equal scale weighing delight and dole."

Besides these occurrences, which gave employment to the daily papers, a tender twilight of melancholy stole over the colony, caused by the departure of the Mayflower. This celebrated vessel, after being thoroughly overhauled and pitched and provisioned, in the month of April following her arrival, bade the settlement farewell, and was soon a lessening speck upon the waters—outward bound!

My reader, did you ever visit that abomination of abominations, the play-house? Do you remember how the changes take place upon that mimic stage of life? Now we behold the tender parting of Hector and Andromache,—swift, obedient to the prompter's whistle, the scene glides into infinite space, and an army ushered in by trumpets, awakens other and more discordant emotions.—Then we mourn over the mangled body of Patroclus, and anon, are mightily tickled with the sarcasms of Thersites, and the stupidity of beef-eating Ajax. So upon the historic spectrum, one set of phantasma glide into view and displace the former. In conformity to the law which guides the actions of the world, the pen, and the drama, we must now put away our widow wedding cards and weeds, and clear the stage for other actors.

Samoset, true to his word, soon brought his copper colored brethren to the settlement. First came Squanto, *avant courier* of the forces;—then the Great Sagamore, Massasoit, with a score of bow-pulling warriors, mighty in paint and wampum. To them turned out the ancient and Honorable First Company of New-Plymouth Artillery, equipped in warlike trophies of the Low Countries, from the Standish military strong-box. These, forming a guard of honor, marched at the head of the bows and arrows, and paraded in front of the Hotel de Ville. Here the savages were received by a second army, gotten up for the nonce, being the non-combatants of the Colony, armed with hoe handles, cheese-knives, fowling pieces, and other peaceful weapons. And now, under the commander-in-chief, was produced a wonderful piece of stratagic manœuvering. The Colony drum being sounded from the roof, the first army filed into the front door of the Hotel de Ville, and being instructed thereto, filed out of the back door, and running around the house, took up the line of march again, and filed into the front door, as before. This was a stage trick which Captain Standish had borrowed from the old Globe Theatre, where he had seen it performed by Will. Shakespeare and Dick. Burbage from lack of supernumeraries. Great was the surprise of the Sagamore to view this mighty body of men, marching into, and filling the Common House. For insomuch as the Indians have no back door to their wigwams he thought the men remained in the building he had seen them enter. And he ordered a lesser sachem, or deputy to notch upon a stick the number of warriors in this puissant Colony. But the eyes of Miles Standish, quick as those of a terrier, at once detected the design, and by dint of keeping the drum-sticks in motion, succeeded in stretching out his leg-weary forces beyond the limits of the Sagamore's notch-stick.

Then were the Indian warriors marched through the town again to give time for the army in garrison to disperse, and once more brought to the Town House, where they were entertained as Samoset had been aforetime. And here the great treaty was formed, both offensive and defensive, including the right of trading, and that famous clause, which gave to New England her Indian title to the continent. This, which is called the acute angle of the title, was an agreement entered into by the high contracting powers, to the following effect: Two stakes of hard wood were to be furnished at the expense of the colony, and to be used only to define the boundaries of the lands ceded to the party of the second part. One of these stakes was to be planted upon the sea-shore, one hundred miles south of the flag-staff on the roof of the Council House. The other stake was to be planted inland, due west, one hundred miles from the flag-staff as before, and all the lands, messuages, crofts and tofts, wood and water, *et-cetera, etcetera*, lying within the triangle, conveyed in fee to the Trustees of the Colony. The Indians, by the same instrument, were to have the privilege secured to them of keeping one stake fixed in the ground in case the colonists saw fit to remove the other. But should either stake be removed, the place from which it had been taken should still be held as an original land-mark, and any incursion into the lands lying within the primary base lines, or any lines triangulated therefrom, would render the said party liable for trespass. This document having been signed by the Council and witnessed, and signed by the Indians, in their uncouth fashion, by hieroglyphs of musk-rats, beavers and opossums, was formally handed to Elder Brewster, who, putting on his spectacles, read it over carefully and transferred it to the right-hand pocket of his meagre breeches.

Now did the colony give itself up to exceeding jubilation, drum-beating, dram-drinking, and touching off of powder. Now was every house turned into a notion-shop, and beaver-skins taken in truck and trade for jewsharps, tin-ware, wooden clocks, apple-parers, corn-shellers, and other musical, household, and agricultural trinkets. But chiefly was there a traffic in gunpowder, for the savages having seen the guns let off at the jubilee, and viewing with wondering eyes the smutty grain poured into the barrels of the pieces, conceived that it was the germin of some unknown plant, which hint I promise you was not lost upon so acute a people as the Puritans, who at once opened a traffic with the copper heads; whereby many a beaver-skin, minx-skin, and sable, was secured for a penny-worth of *powder-seed*, which these sons of the forest carried off to plant in their barbaric garden grounds, as sanguine, and as proud, as certain gentry of our own tribes, who bear from Washington to the bosom of their families their valises and carpet-bags, stuffed out with the agricultural trophies of the Patent Office.

And to crown all, when the ceremonies were over, and the bedecked, the bedizened, and bewildered warriors were ready to be bowed out at the great gate, then came to Captain Standish, Samoset, first friend of the colony, who by word and gesture supplicated its chief officer to give to him, and his fellows, that ceremonial token, by which his own eyes had been opened on the first morning of introduction, as has been stated aforetime. I promise you, Captain Standish was no laggard when called upon to perform any office within the limits of military discipline. One by one the bare-breeched clansmen of Massasoit were paraded before that redoubtable sword-swinger, and regularly kicked out of the great gate, which, turning upon its hinges after the last Indian, closed its valves upon a wicked outside world, and inclosed that community, whose self-called title Bonner, and a sensitive public, forbids me to repeat.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1859.

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EDWARD EVERETT.

THE FOLLY OF CROAKING.

It is amazing to see how croakers, and grumblers and kindred birds of ill-omen abound and increase among us. There is a large class of persons, of active minds and by no means bad hearts, who seem absolutely incapable of taking cheerful views of the world. They expend their activity in picking flaws, and their tender-heartedness in mourning that everything is not perfect.

This is very unphilosophical and very unprofitable. It does nobody any good and makes the croakers themselves very unhappy. No one was ever yet *grumbled* into reformation. The surest way to disgust a man with good advice is to put it into the shape of reproaches and complaints. A growling dog never made a friend for himself or was rewarded by a bone for his ill-temper. We all of us like to be coaxed. We would much rather be petted than scolded at, whether we are right or wrong. And the man or woman who has the most influence over us, who can win us soonest from our errors and lead us most surely to correct our faults, is the one who speaks most kindly to us about them,—who finds excuses for us we could never find ourselves, and who is much more ready to take our part than to join in reproaching us—whether we deserve reproach or not.

The same thing is true on a large scale. Railing at social vices and failings in the lump does little good. Very many of our neighbors are satisfied that the country is ruined, that public morals are declining—that honesty is out of fashion—that our statesmen are all scamps, our preachers hypocrites, our editors vipers, and the whole body of our people no better than they should be. *A large portion of our writers and speakers spend their time in weeping and* wailing over the signs of our degeneracy. Things are bad enough, beyond all doubt. But so they have always been. The mistake we make is in supposing that vice and misery have but just made their appearance, and that all previous ages, and all other nations, were pure and perfect and free from the sins which afflict us. If this were so, there would indeed be occasion for alarm and apprehension. But the truth is far otherwise. Venality, hypocrisy, cowardice—all the sins which afflict us now have abounded in the world from time immemorial. The page of history is full of proofs of this, and no one can read it candidly without seeing that the world is growing better instead of worse.

We believe in progress; and we believe, furthermore, that nothing *helps* progress more than a belief in it. If we wish to be useful we must be hopeful. Nobody can work to any advantage if he has no faith in the result of his labors. And nothing does more to retard improvement, and to discourage exertions for it than this incessant croaking and lamentation.

In spite of all its wrong and all its wretchedness this world is a pleasant world, and there are in it warm and loving hearts enough to redeem it from condemnation, even if it were much worse than it is. There are hundreds of thousands of gifted and devoted men and women laboring all the while to make it better—to smooth its rough paths, to heal its wounded hearts, to comfort its mourners, to lift up those whose strength fails, and to bring light, and warmth, and hope into its darkest and its dreariest corners. We need never fear that they will not succeed. Good deeds like theirs never go unrewarded:—such seed as they sow will always spring up, spread its fragrant blossoms to the sun, and bear its proper and its blessed fruit. Let us help them at their work instead of disheartening them by gloomy predictions of failure.

LOOKING INTO THE FIRE.

There is a strange fascination about the winter fire, especially in the evening, before its weird light is overpowered by the bolder glare of gas, or lamps, or candles. These are lights to see by, work by; but the evening fire-light is the light to think and muse by. In its wavering glow the ghosts of the Past and the fairy brood of Fancy meet and mingle. From their nest in the heart Hope's fledglings flutter forth into the cheerful blaze, and even Sorrowful Memories smile upon us consolingly from among the quivering shadows that play around the hearth. The "vacant places" in the fireside circle—if loved ones have left it for another home in the "better land"—seem no longer empty, and while Reason kindly abdicates for an hour in favor of Imagination, we become Swedenborgians without knowing it. And, by the way, there is something so very delightful in the idea of the poetic old German—that the spirits of the departed linger with us like the migrant birds at the close of autumn, loth to leave the spots where they first waved their joyous wings—that we sigh when the vision dissolves, and the cold, matter-of-fact world comes back to us.

But these are not the only phantasmagoria of the winter evening fire. There are enchantments in its ruddy center which transcend all the magic of Oriental story. A world of wonders opens upon us as we gaze with half shut eyes through the gray bars. Talk of "Castles in the air"—why, they are mere fabrics of mist and moonshine compared with *castles in the fire*, and the iridescent palaces built by the waking dreamer out of burning anthracite or the sparkling embers of a pile of hickory logs. What an architect Fancy is when she has live coals for her building materials. Such rubies, beryls, sapphires and amethysts as she works withal, were never quarried from the mine. And how she shapes them. Even the enchanted palace in the Arabian tale required a night for its completion. She can create a dozen of them in as many moments. Temples with floors of jasper, pillars of porphyry and roofs of burning gold, surrounded by the scenery of a Moslem paradise, and peopled by such beings as neither Art nor Nature ever fashioned, seem to burst upon the view as suddenly as the sunlight through the parting clouds. And then the changes of these dissolving pictures—so marvelous, so varied, so apparently inexhaustible. Somebody has recently published a book entitled "Fireside Magic," or some such name. What are all its tricks to the marvels wrought out of ignited carbon, by the half dreaming eye with Imagination for its prompter.

There are, perchance, some *over-actual* people who will sneer at all this and call it rhapsody—who never saw anything in a fire save coal and wood—who never thought of anything while looking at it except the price of fuel. Such persons are to be commiserated. It is not their fault, of course, that poesy was forgotten in their making up.

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

What wild misapprehensions prevail at the North respecting the ways and character of the Southern people! Not less ill-informed are Southerners with regard to the state of things at the North. And as a considerable number of those who have access to the public ear have an interest in keeping the two sections of the Union in ignorance of one another, it seems to be the duty of every one who has opportunities of knowing the truth, to do what in him lies to correct the current errors, and diminish the mutual ignorance.

If a hundred thousand Southerners, selected from all parts of the Southern States, were compelled to live a year at the North, and the same number of Northerners were obliged to spend a year in the South, and every man, on returning home, were required to give the people of his county an account of what he had experienced and observed, and those accounts were for the most part faithful and full, it would do more to re-unite the two sections in feeling, and prepare the way for a really national and fraternal union, than any other measure that could be devised. Neither party might change its opinion on the one dividing subject; but how surprised and delighted all would be to discover that the two portions of the Union, like estranged and long-separated brothers, love one another infinitely more than they hate; the ill-feeling being a thing of yesterday, but the love dating far back, beyond the recollection of either. A state of feeling might then be expected to arise which would make it possible for the brothers to confer frankly and friendlily upon the points of difference between them.

We should be glad to see the tour of Europe going out of fashion. We venture to declare that a New Yorker or a New Englander, intelligent enough to get any good from travel, would see more novelty, have more curious adventures, experience a greater rush of new ideas, and come back with more food for reflection and more material for conversation, from a three month's tour in the South, than he would from six months' travel in Europe. To a Southerner, who has passed his life on a plantation, far from any large town, every object in the North is novel and interesting. The Northern man who goes South makes a journey into the Past. The Southern man who comes North beholds the living, realized Future. Go five hundred miles South, and then get ten miles from the railroad, and you have arrived at Fifty Years Ago. The old-fashioned customs and implements, the old-fashioned cast of character, *simple, innocent, cordial, healthy, are before you; for the entire South is rural and agricultural*, and the manner of the people, their feelings and character, are those of men who derive their all from the soil, and who pass half their lives out of doors.

Brethren of the North and of the South, visit one another. Do not believe those who tell you that either is unprepared or unwilling to give the other a cordial welcome. The Northern men thinks, the Southern man feels. And that is precisely the reason why, when the two meet in proper and congenial circumstances, they are so pleasing and beneficial to one another. There is a difference between them, we admit. But is there any man foolish enough to believe that the removal of that difference is hastened by vituperation, by bad blood, by the hatred that is engendered by ignorance of one another's real opinions, desires and character.

A GENEROUS DONATION.

The following letter from the well-known advertising house of S. M. Pettengill & Co., of this city, explains itself:

New York, February 21, 1859.

Hon. Edward Everett: Dear Sir:—We have with pleasure observed your devotion to the noble cause of rescuing from neglect and dilapidation the tomb of the great man who sacrificed so much to secure the liberties of our country. It is, we think, a stigma upon our National Government that this work has devolved wholly upon the labors of individuals; but it would be a still greater disgrace if the patriotic women, who have been so nobly seconded in their efforts by yourself, should fail in their endeavors to raise the necessary funds to purchase Mount Vernon.

Feeling a desire to have a hand in this good work, we enclose you our check for Five Hundred Dollars ($500.) We may perhaps remark in this connection that the example of the proprietor of the New York Ledger, who has during twelve months patronized the press through our Advertising Agency to the amount of over one hundred thousand dollars, had some weight in inducing us to offer this contribution.

Hoping that it will stimulate others besides ourselves, believe us to be,

Very truly yours,

S. M. Pettengill & Co.

We are gratified to learn that Mr. Everett is receiving most liberal contributions to the Mount Vernon Fund, in response to his offer (made through the Ledger) to receive and acknowledge the same. To each person sending a contribution to him, a handsomely engraved receipt is returned, which has a view of Mount Vernon, and is in all respects a beautiful and meritorious work of art. We are constantly receiving applications for Mr. Everett's autograph, which, of course, we cannot furnish; but any one that sends a contribution of one dollar (or more) to him at Boston, Mass., for the Mount Vernon Fund, will obtain his signature, at the bottom of the beautifully-engraved receipt above-mentioned.

JUDGE NOT.

"*I* wouldn't have done this or that." How many times a day do we hear this, and how absurd is such a declaration. Who *knows* what he will do till he is tried and tempted? Not we, nor you. It is one thing to sit calmly down and theorize about life and its mischances, and another to meet them face to face, when they sweep over us like a whirlwind before we have time to cry, Lord save us! Therefore, when the avenger strikes, in a moment of frenzied bitterness, at his foe—at the traitor who, while taking his hand in the grasp of friendship, has blighted his hearth-stone, do not say, "*I* would not have done so." Wait till *your* turn comes, or rather do *not* wait till then; but, avoiding vain boasting, lean only on Him who giveth help in time of our greatest need. This only is our safety in the difficult lesson of self-government.

A Hint for the Secretary of the Treasury.—Dean Swift proposed to tax female beauty, and to leave every lady to rate her own charms. He said the tax would be cheerfully paid, and prove very productive.

We commend this hint to the attention of the Secretary of the U. S. Treasury, who appears to be in great difficulty as to how he shall raise the necessary funds to defray the expenses of the Government.

"It is a deplorable condition," says Bishop Sherloch, "to be always doing what we are always condemning." The reproaches of others are painful enough. But when the lash is laid on by our own hand, the anguish is intolerable. How cheering, on the contrary, even in the deepest night of calamity, when conscience calls out from her watch-tower in the soul—*All's Well!*

THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.

BY ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

Number Nine.

CONSULTING AN ECHO.

A very self-willed and passionate man there was, in our boyhood days, who had long and loud disputes, sometimes with his wife and sometimes with his neighbors. Of course he was always in the right, and they, whoever they might be, were always in the wrong. It chanced that there was in his neighborhood a place remarkable for its echo. One echo was always to be had, and in certain positions, two and three. The vehement old gentleman used, when the dispute did not seem to please him, to walk off in the direction of the echo-hills, talking to himself, and at every step more and more positively laying down his propositions, until by the time he reached the ground, he would shout out, "I know I am right," and immediately it was sent back to him—"Know am right!"—"Am right!"—"Right!" "I say she lies," he would cry out, encouraged with the first effort; and the echo replied, "Say she lies"—"She lies"—"Lies!" Catching up the hint, he would answer—"Well, I do say so." And he was gratified with hearing, "Do say so"—"Say so."

This walk became a great consolation to the pragmatical old man. And he seemed, at length, to think that there was wafted to him some intelligent confirmation of his notions. Thus he was wont to hear himself, and listen to his own words reflected from the sides of the hill.

There are a great many persons of a strong nature, inflexible will, self-opinionated, and intense in feeling, who never see anything in life except themselves, reflected from those whom they meet. It is not their wish to be advised, or to be modified in their notions. They give forth their own intense convictions, and pour their feelings out upon things and persons to such a degree, that everything is but a reflection of themselves.

Such persons will bear down upon men, in asking their opinions, with such a statement of their own, that timid and complying natures say yes to them, of course; and those who wish to please, or do not wish to offend, say yes, too. And those who say nothing are considered, of course, as giving tacit assent. And sensible men, of contrary opinions, would no more think of resisting them, than they would of catching a wild horse that ran with headlong fury through the streets. But, how satisfied is he, after such a career! Rubbing his hands, he says with lordly satisfaction, "I have asked a great many sensible people about this matter, and I have yet to find one, who does not think as I do." The fact is, that he has been out hallooing and listening to his own echo!

If a man is prosperous and influential, there are multitudes who only desire to know what he would like to have advised. It is not always easy to get another's real mind. They stand off, they hesitate and question as if to get at the truth, whereas they are only getting at *you*. So soon as your bent and wish are discovered they will with great apparent candor advise you just as you longed to have them! and you have got yourself twice over;—your own mind and its echo!

It is amusing to listen to a dozen gentlemen at a political consultation; or at a board of Directors for some Institution, or of a rail road company, upon a question which divides and excites all the number. Each of at least half a dozen men will assure you that he has not yet met a single man who does not think as he does. At least two or three irreconcilable opinions will be declared to be the current opinion of the community! Each man goes to those naturally accessible to himself and hears himself reflected from them, and reports to his confederates one opinion, and that his own, echoed five or six times! Men usually find what they wish to find. What they look for that they see.

Let a pretty woman, of agreeable manners, and musical way of talking, who is greatly exercised with some profound question of a Fair or Festival, and who leads the 'Opposition,' go among the admiring gentlemen who are her friends, and see if she may not come back in triumph to report that every one agreed with her!

Let some amiable pastor go out to see what his people think about his remaining with them, and we will venture to say that he will be almost unanimously fooled into the impression that every man in the parish wishes him to stay as much as he himself does! Consultation with obstinate men, is only another way of propagating their own opinions.

The same thing takes place in public assemblies. Men who speak to temperance meetings are expected to say what the meeting already believes; the democratic or republican speaker is the echo of the audience with variations; that preacher is sound, with his own people, who eloquently varies and embellishes their own beliefs.

Every considerate man should be aware of this subtle echo of selfishness or conceit. And a wise man should eagerly entertain those counsellings which are the least like his own. It is what others think, that we need to ponder. Conceit is narrow. No man can be very broad who will build with nothing but that which he quarries from himself. There are men enough, when they hear themselves echoed, that think that a god spoke. The number need not be increased!

EXCELLENT COOKS TO BE HAD GRATIS.

The Queen of Cana sent to Alexander the Great, while on his victorious progress through Asia Minor, two exquisite cooks, as a special expression of her regard. The young hero returned them with his compliments and thanks to her majesty, and a message that he had brought with him two admirable cooks from Macedon, who provided him not only with a hearty supper but an excellent digestion, and had served him so well that he did not like to discharge or change them. Their names were Encrateia and Askesis (Temperance and Exercise). These cooks may be had yet, and after all the French discoveries in gastronomy, there are none better.

There are others of the same family whose qualifications are of a high order. Some of them have rather long and (to our ears) uncouth names. (But one does not much mind the names of one's cooks so their skill in their proper business be good). There is Orthria—a name which we in English would call *Early-rising*; and *Synomilia*, (pleasant talk while taking one's food). There is a brother, too, of the same family called Hypnus (good, sound Sleep), and a sister again who bears almost too handsome a name for a cook, and yet why should not a cook have a graceful name, particularly so good a one? Her name is Euphrosyne, and there is not her superior in all the family. She is especially skilled in *seasoning*. She will often make a very plain dinner both wholesome and agreeable. Her name in English is Cheerfulness. But you cannot have her attendance without that of an elder sister between whom and her there is a mutual attachment like that of substance and shadow. In fact you can never have one without the other. This elder sister is of a serious but remarkably sweet and serene aspect. Her presence will bless the simplest repast, and in fact, dispel the gloom even of a poor and afflicted abode. And the most splendid abode and sumptuous banquet are joyless without her. Her English name is Thankfulness.

There was another sister of the family, bearing the somewhat long name of Hydroposia, whom Demosthenes used generally to keep in attendance and thought her very helpful to a good appetite, a clear head and in general to a sound condition of body and mind. In English you would call her Water-drinking.

A large *corps cuisinier* this, and one would think at first, rather expensive for a family of moderate means. But not so. They can all be had without even smelling the hot air or paying the exorbitant fee of an Intelligence Office. They will accept no wages for their services.

And their virtues are so many that we could hardly get through them in the course of one column. No cook that ever came "from a gintleman's family in Ireland" ever had half their qualifications.

Saving was always reckoned an excellent quality in a cook. And these are superior in that respect; they waste nothing. They will make a very moderate income go a great ways.

For our part, we always liked cooks (as well as all other functionaries) that went about their business heartily and cheerfully. A sullen cook is enough to sour the nicest dishes she can put together. And these are so excellent in that respect that they will fill your whole house, above stairs and below with quiet hilarity which not even a smoking chimney nor another inconvenience often associated with it will be able long to disturb. One is often bothered with the whims and caprices of cooks. It is so disturbing, just as one is beginning to settle down into something like domestic tranquility, to have one's cook come and say, "Will you please hand me the balance of my wages. My month is out to-morrow, and I believe I'll go."—But these cooks will stay with you till you positively send them off.

Alexander, unfortunately did discharge Encrateia before he got to Babylon. Though he had the empire of the world at his command, he never could replace her. He never digested his dinner well afterwards. And after a few miserable years, he caught a fever, (solely in consequence of her absence from his service,) and died amidst the tears of his splendid army in the prime of his life and at the hight of his prosperity.

UNGRATEFUL CHILDREN.

The eastern proverb which declares that there are no ungrateful children, is nearer the truth than it appears. It is but another version of the Biblical maxim: Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it. The parent who does really train up a child in the way he should go, is the parent who truly *deserves* the gratitude of his child, and he is the only parent who can hope to receive it in full measure. How many parents there are who, after indulging their children's every desire, are sincerely astonished to find them making no return of love and gratitude. Gratitude! For what should they be grateful? For an impaired digestion? For a will uncurbed? For an appetite unregulated? For a heart cold? For a mind empty? For hands unskillful? For a childhood wasted? For the chance of forming a noble character lost? These are poor claims upon the gratitude of a child. Bring up your child so that, at mature age, he has a sound constitution, healthy desires, an honest heart, a well-informed mind, good manners, and a useful calling, and you may rely upon his making you such a rich return of grateful affection as shall a thousand times repay you for the toil and self-denial which such a training costs. No—there are no ungrateful children! It is a hard saying. But is it not true?

ROMAN AND DUTCH COURAGE.

Hannibal, after defeating every Roman army he had encountered, arrived within three miles of Rome itself, and was looking forward to its speedy surrender, when he was astonished by receiving information from a captive that the very ground on which his army was encamped had just been sold in the forum, and *had realized as high a price as in time of peace*. So unbending was the old Roman courage, so high their confidence in the ultimate success of their arms, and the future of their Republic! It was this lofty courage, this unfaltering hope, that sustained them through the terrible disasters of their history, and finally converted the republic of Rome into the empire of the world.

Little less remarkable was the confidence of the Dutch at a similar crisis of their history. The very existence of their republic depended on the successful defence of the city of Ostend, which was besieged by the Archduke Charles and Spinola, the first commanders of their age, with a veteran army, whose numbers may be estimated from the fact that 70,000 men are said to have fallen in the trenches. Just in the straitness of this siege, when their very nationality seemed to hang trembling in the scale of war, the Dutch *formed the largest joint stock-company for foreign commerce which up to that time had ever been organized.*

MORE BROAD CHESTS WANTED.

Every time we see a cricket ground, we rejoice in it. We are tired of pale faces, stooping shoulders, and flat chests. We rejoice in a robust, full-blooded, full-fleshed, muscular specimen of manhood. Therefore, we hailed with delight a paragraph in an exchange, not long since, announcing that a clergyman had made his appearance on a skating-pond, and distanced all competitors in this beautiful, healthful exercise. The time has gone by when ministers were doomed to use their brains, as if the fleshly tabernacle they were lodged in would take care of itself without any particular attention from its owner, or as if it were a virtue to be neglectful of bodily health. How many good men have lain down in their graves—in this way—unintentional, though actual, suicides. Pity—for we need them all. A white cravat and broad chest need not necessarily be incongruous. A man is as responsible to God for the state of his body, as for the state of his soul. He has no more right to wreck one than the other. He cannot injure one without injuring the other.

LAWS OF DIVORCE.

The Constitution gives Congress the power to make bankrupt laws for the whole Union, and it is greatly to be regretted that it does not also confer upon that body the power to make uniform laws of divorce for the thirty-three States of the Union. In each State now, the law is different, and the antipodes in this respect are New York and Indiana. In New York it is the most difficult to obtain a divorce, and in Indiana the easiest. There are said to be now two thousand persons of both sexes living in Indiana who have resorted to that hospitable land for the purpose of remaining long enough among the Hoosiers to entitle them to the privileges of citizenship, so that they may be freed from their matrimonial engagements. But, if New York is the most difficult State in the Union to get out of the matrimonial noose, it is the State where the least impediments exist to prevent one from slipping his head into that kind of halter. So much of the morality and happiness of a people depends upon the marital relation, that the laws regulating it should be uniform in all parts of the nation.

Pure truth, like pure gold, has been found unfit for circulation, because men have discovered that it is far more convenient to adulterate the truth than to refine themselves.

ROSALIE.

BY MARY FORREST.

Like a breathing prayer
Is her face;
Pearls are in her hair,
And a grace
That is nameless, and seemeth to be aimless,
Winneth you apace.

She is proud and straight,
Like the palm;
She can battle fate,
And be calm,
While the rimples that lurk about her dimples
Only tell the harm.

She can dearly love you,
And be true,
In her sphere above you,
Ages through,
If she molds you, while softly she enfolds you,
To her darling view.

But if you have a mind
Of your own,
And allow that mind
To be known,
She can hate you, and cruelly berate you
In a measured tone.

She should be a queen
On a throne,
Ruling with her e'en
Every one:
An opinion unto a whole dominion—
Like a god—alone.

Ah! Love has silken wings,
Rosalie:
And laughs at crownéd kings,
Rosalie:
If you school him, and try to over-rule him,
He is floating free.

BE BRIEF.

"Brevity," somebody says, "is the soul of wit." It is the soul of eloquence, too, the charm of poetry, the life of style, the pith and spirit of every intellectual manifestation. Thought, to be effective, must be clothed in just as many (or rather just as few) words as will give it perfect and full embodiment—no more. Every superfluous word encumbers and enfeebles it. Style should be as like as possible to the electro-magnetic cord, conveying the subtle flash of thought and emotion direct from one mind to another. Diffusion is waste and weakness. No matter what depths it may traverse, what hights it may span, what circuitous sweeps it may describe, itself must be a simple *conductor*. The greatest strength of cohesion combined with the greatest lightness and tenuity of material make the best telegraphic cord—and they make the best style.

"Just take what you have written," said Sydney Smith, "and put your pen through every other word, and see how much the spirit and vigor of it will be improved." Sydney Smith liked to get a homely truth into the mind under the disguise of a brilliant absurdity. Just take your chain after you have finished it and cut every other link, and see how compact and strong it will be—would not be a whit more absurd. Abbreviation does not strengthen style, but *condensation*. Take your chain, if it is too long, and refashion it altogether, putting the same iron into half the number of links. Then it will have half the length and double the strength. And so with style.

Some really excellent writers are respectfully put away on the shelf, because a cumbrous plethora of style makes them unreadable. Sir James M'Intosh is an example. He was a brilliant talker. His Diary, thrown off in brief and hurried snatches, fairly sparkles with rich gems of thought. But how few even know that he wrote a "History of England." He was himself aware of the fault which has consigned this elaborate work to oblivion. One morning, after reading over the portion he had written the day before, he confesses in his diary that the reading of it was *tiresome to himself*; and adds—"the fault of my style is that I overload: *le secret d'ennuyer, c'est de tout dire*," *(the secret of wearying, is to say all that can be said.)*

An elocutionist of some fame said, not long ago, "What difference is it whether I put the same amount of thought into two words or six; provided the thought be there, why is not the longer form as good as the shorter."

Put that, now, to a material test. What difference does it make whether I put the same amount of matter into a smaller or larger compass—say a pound of lead or a pound of cotton? The two being projected with equal force, the latter would hardly give a man an inconvenient concussion; the former would——Well, we need not say what it would do.

The difference between the impression made by a thought sharpened to a point, denuded of all extraneous words, and condensed into a brief and simple utterance, and the same thought spread out into a long, loose, flabby, languid verbiage, is no less.

An egg might be used as a missile with considerable effect—but an *omelette soufflée!*

If your charge be well rammed down, your weapon will carry with a force and directness limited only by its *calibre*; but the same powder loosely dropped into the barrel will hardly blow out the lead that is put on it. With a little change of terms, the same thing is true of your *mind*.

Our English literature—we were going to give some examples; for our mother-tongue has a prodigious elasticity and capacity of condensation. And really it would be a vast saving of time, paper and patience, if conciseness *should* become the fashion. Think how much it would diminish the amount of the Appropriation Bill about to be passed by Congress! What a waste it would put an end to in Congressional printing, paper and *per diem!* Why, our country might heal the *sickened heart*, and fulfill the *hope deferred* of many a brave man, who fought for her liberties! She might pay off the honest claims for French Spoliations! She might—but by this time the reader (if he has gone so far with us) is beginning to look back impatiently at our motto, so we conclude to set an example of our own precept, and—*be brief*.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Men are apt to think, and fall into innumerable blunders by so thinking, that because they know one woman they know all; when, in fact, each woman is as much of a study as if he had never seen one of the sex. Bulwer doubts whether man *ever* thoroughly understood woman. Truly, how should he? when woman does not understand herself; nor can tell why she lives on patiently, hopefully, year after year, with a brute, whose favorite pastime consists in attempts to break her neck every time things go wrong with him indoors or out; that the better educated husband murders with sharp words instead of sharp blows, makes it none the less murder. The only difference is in the duration of the misery, one being as deadly as the other. Who cares to understand *how* a woman with bruised heart and flesh can throw over both the charitable mantle that, "he wasn't himself;" and beg off the offender from merited punishment, public or private. Let us rather seek to understand how man, who *should* be so strong, should fall so immeasurably below his "weaker" self, in the difficult lesson of self-control and forgiveness of injuries.

The envious man is tormented not only by all the ills that befall himself but by all the good that happens to another. He is made gloomy not only by his own cloud but by another's sunshine.

MOUNT VERNON IN 1796.

THE MOUNT VERNON PAPERS.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

Exitus Acta Probat.—*Washington's Motto.*

Number Thirteen.

ABBOTSFORD VISITED AND REVISITED.

PART I.

Invitation to Abbotsford—Arrival at Melrose—Ruins of Melrose hastily visited—Walk to Abbotsford—And reception there—Church at Selkirk—Walk to the Mushroom Park—Dogs in company, who accidentally start a hare—The house and grounds—Ornaments of the rooms—Reading of the Heart of Mid Lothian—Visit to Melrose—Manner of passing the time at Abbotsford—Charles Scott—Departure for Selkirk, but the London Mail Coach being full, return to Abbotsford—Sir Walter's fondness for animals, dogs and cats—Piper at dinner.

Having had the happiness, in the month of July, 1818, to make the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott and his amiable family at Edinburgh, I was honored with an invitation to visit them at Abbotsford, after I should have returned from a short tour in Perthshire. I feel that there is a sanctity in private life, which ought to be respected even after all concerned have passed away. But entertaining no feelings but those of veneration and gratitude toward the illustrious name, which stands at the head of this paper, and having nothing to record of him and his, inconsistent with those feelings, I trust that I shall not offend the strictest delicacy, in describing the occurrences of a few days passed within his family circle in the country,—and very much in the language, in which I noted them down at the time.

On the first of August, 1818, I took passage at Edinburgh in the Blücher Stage Coach for Melrose. Passing a bookseller's as we drove through the City, I saw the "Heart of Mid-Lothian" advertised, and the good natured driver, by whose side I sat, was kind enough to stop while I ran in and bought it. This proved to be the first copy of that novel which reached Abbotsford, excepting the copy which had come in the shape of proof sheets to the (as yet unavowed) author.

It is another of the thousand illustrations of the marvellous power of Scott's genius, that the most remarkable ruins of the most remarkable mediæval church in Scotland, were first raised into general notoriety and classic renown, fifty years ago, by "the Lay of the Last Minstrel." I shall not attempt to describe what has been so often described before,—the ruins of the Abbey, the Tweed, and the Eildon hills, which rise in front of you, cleft of old by the never-to-be-repeated words of the mighty wizard. Although I expected to pass two or three days in the neighborhood, I could not resist the temptation to take in advance a hasty view of the Abbey. Those who have never seen the ruins of a grand old building,—what we call a gothic ruin especially,—can form no conception of its effect on the feelings of a young traveller. It is one of the most striking examples of the mingled interest of loveliness and desolation; art and the triumph of time and violence over art; beauty and ashes, that can be seen on earth. I did not, indeed, on this occasion, visit "fair Melrose" by moonlight, as Scott says all must do, "who would view it aright," though his daughter Sophia told me he never so visited it himself. I think, however, that I must have misunderstood her, or that she must have meant that he was not then in the habit of doing it. That he had *never* surveyed it by moonlight is hard to believe, after reading the inimitable description in "the Lay."

But whether seen by sunlight or moonlight, it is most beautiful in its decay. The lightness of the arches; the grace of the curves; the slender airy mullions still standing, though sashes and painted glass have long been gone; mysterious staircases in ruinous turrets; the fragments of pillars scattered on the pavements; broken, uncouth images piously laid up against the walls, in order to preserve them from further injury; the tomb of Michael Scott and of Alexander one of the kings of Scotland,—how much is there not here,—especially when passed through the prism of some of the most admirable strains of modern poetry,—to fire a youthful imagination! But I shortened my visit, hoping before I left the neighborhood to visit Melrose in company with a greater magician than he that sleeps within its crumbling vaults.

While I was making my solitary pilgrimage to the ruins, my stage-coach companions were ordering dinner at the inn; a less ethereal gratification, but in its place not to be disdained, particularly at the end of a day's journey, and in the shape of trout from the Tweed and green peas from the gardens on its banks. After dinner I started on foot for Abbotsford, distant about three miles. In former times, and when one travelled by stage coaches and post chaises, I always, in journeying walked as much as possible; and surely there could be no occasion when one would more wish to do it, than in the approach of Abbotsford and along the banks of the Tweed, the road running for the most part by the river's side. A short hour brought me to my destination, though I did not see the house till I was close upon it, so thick a shrubbery already clothed a spot, which only six years before was entirely bare.

The family were at table when I arrived, the dinner hour being earlier than I thought; but my coming in caused no stir. I was received as an old acquaintance,—I might almost say friend. Mr. Scott (for such he then was), alluding to some remarks that had passed between us in Edinburgh, about the prodigious effect of his poems in turning such a vast amount of travel into the lake region of Scotland,—scarcely visited before except by an occasional antiquarian tourist,—good humoredly asked, "whether I did not forgive him the time and money he had cost me among the lochs and hills?" Starting with this genial salutation, the afternoon and evening passed with inconceivable rapidity. Sir Walter was in the best possible spirits, and Sophia, as yet "fancy free," sang us several ballads with the most touching expression and pathos.

The next day was Sunday. Sir Walter gave me my choice of going with his wife and daughters to church, or walking with him over the fields. I decided for the former, and drove with them to church at Selkirk. The intellectual portion of the service was not of a high order, but the devotional parts were performed with becoming solemnity. The singing was about such as you would hear from a well trained choir in one of our rural churches;—and it was a matter of no little gratification to me, to hear some of the fine old familiar tunes, sung in the heart of the strange land, amidst so many impressive associations, and by the voices of my interesting companions.

After our return home, we walked out, in the hope of meeting Sir Walter, to what was called in the family the "Mushroom park;" Mrs. Scott, the young ladies and Charles, Walter, the oldest son being in the highlands. We took with us a pretty formidable attendance of dogs viz., the favorite deer-hound, Maida, then quite advanced in years, a grey-hound (who was however black and called Hamlet), a spaniel named Finette, and Urisk, a sprite of a terrier from the isle of Skye, all well known favorites and privileged companions at home and abroad. We soon fell in with Sir Walter, who, though he had been on his feet all the morning, said he made it a rule never to turn his back on good company and joined us. We had a scramble in the park, who should pick up the best mushrooms and the most of them. The visitor was allowed, as a privileged person unacquainted with the localities, to enter into a partnership with Miss Scott, and of course their joint stock was the largest.

While we were busy searching for mushrooms, the dogs, following their instinct, were busy searching for a hare. It was really curious to see the approach to reason on the part of these poor animals. The grey-hound is swift of foot but has no scent; the spaniel has no fleetness but has an acute smell. The spaniel's nose was down among the bushes and her whole little body in a flutter of search, whisking from cover to cover like a little four legged spirit. The lean and long-legged grey-hound, his ribs staring through his skin, without attempting to join in the search, kept close to Finette. At last the hare was started; the grey-hound bounded off like lightning in pursuit, and poor little Finette, having done her duty, came fawning round her master. All the time, the stately old deer-hound was stalking about with sovereign unconcern; and Urisk, the little cur from the isle of Skye, a frisking, bristling, weird looking lump of live hair, was playing with Charles. The poor hare took the road and was soon run down; and then the old deer-hound stalked majestically toward the game; growled sharply at Hamlet to drive him off, and seizing the hare in his teeth, brought it with great solemnity and laid it at Mr. Scott's feet. The affair was every way out of season. It was Sunday and the sporting season had not begun; but it had taken place accidentally, and I was not sorry to witness the sight for the first time in my life; though not without compunction for poor puss. The scene interested me the more, as tallying so precisely with the description of Xenophon in the first book of the Cyropædia.

The rest of the day was passed in conversation, in part of a graver cast. We had sacred music after dinner, and in the evening Sophia sung national ballads and some of her father's songs. She made no pretention to execution or the *bravura* style;—or at least she had no occasion to exhibit it in these fine old Scottish melodies;—but to my uneducated ear, nothing could be more pleasing.

On Monday, Sir Walter told Sophia to show me the house and grounds, adding playfully that she knew a great deal more about both than he did. It was plain to see, from the manner in which he always spoke to her, that she was the object of his entire confidence and boundless love. The house was not wholly finished. For the ornaments of the hall and passages, Sir Walter had introduced casts of the carved work of the Abbey, and while I was there, the workmen were putting up masks taken from the "Corbells grotesque and grim," mentioned in "the Lay." As we walked through the grounds, I had a long conversation with Sophia about the authorship of the novels. I omit the details of what was said by her on this subject, having furnished them to a friend for insertion in another publication, which has not yet appeared. I will only say here, that, though she firmly believed, as I did, that her father was the author of the novels, she did not at that time know it. We passed an hour or two this day in reading the "Heart of Mid Lothian" aloud, Sir Walter taking his turn with the rest, and remarking with unconcern on the passages that struck him. He was much amused at my attempt to imitate the Scottish cadence, and said "if I would bide awhile in Tweedale, they would give me a very pretty accent."

I asked Sophia to manage to have dinner a little earlier, that we might go to Melrose, and to get her father to go with us. She said he had so often been there with visitors, when he first came to Abbotsford, that he had got tired of it and had seldom been of late; but she thought he would go with us, which he was kind enough to do. I am not ashamed to confess, that a visit to Melrose Abbey with Sir Walter Scott and his family kindled my imagination, at the age of twenty-two, as it has perhaps never been excited on any other occasion. I have attempted to describe the feelings awakened by the scene, in a speech at the anniversary of the Scots' Charitable Society in Boston, on the 30th of November, 1839. Nor was it, I own, without emotion "too deep for tears," that in the solitude of my room at night, after contemplating these interesting ruins in the company of him who has made the spot which they cover holy ground, I reflected that in all human probability, after one or two more days, I should never see him or them again. This is a reflection, which not seldom mingles a shade of sadness with the pleasure one derives from meeting agreeable and congenial acquaintances and friends, in our travels through foreign countries and distant parts of our own. I must own that in two or three days I had become strongly attached to every member of the amiable family at Abbotsford. Our whole time was passed together in conversation, reading, or singing on the part of the ladies; at dusk a dance on the lawn; in walks and drives. Sir Walter poured out all the treasures of his memory, in traditions of the border times, anecdotes of celebrated characters, interspersed with constant sallies of quiet pleasantry;—and Charles contracted so great a fondness for the American guest, that he asked his father's permission to accompany me on my approaching journey to Greece and Constantinople, which in consideration of his being under thirteen years of age, was withheld. Later in life this interesting young man was attached to the British embassy in Persia. In 1839 he wrote to me from the Foreign Office in London, reminding me of my visit twenty-one years before to his father's, but many years since, he, with all the rest of the family, one after another, passed away.

It was with no common regret that I took my leave of the family. I was to go to Selkirk and there be taken up by the Mail coach for London. If the coach was full I was to return to Abbotsford. Mrs. Scott and her daughter took me to Selkirk, and left me there. Although much pressed for time, in reference to the commencement of my tour on the Continent, I could not find it in my heart to grieve, when the Mail coach drove up and was reported "full." It shows the limited amount of travel at that time, that one Mail coach daily was all that passed on that route, between Scotland and England. It was now evening. I made myself as comfortable as I could that night at Selkirk, and early the next morning walked over to Abbotsford to spend the day. I was received as an old friend. The young ladies said that they were thankful I had come, for now they should have a good excuse for not attending their master up stairs. I inquired of them what they were studying, and they said "Tasso." I told them I could not encourage truancy and idleness, and taking the book out of Anne's hand, began to examine them. The parents entered heartily into the humour of this scene, and begged me to be strict with my new scholars. But it ended in a hearty laugh, and that day we made but little progress in Tasso.

At dinner the veteran deer-hound made his appearance and laid his great nose up on his master's arm. He had already been fed elsewhere, but he received a *bonne bouche* from Sir Walter's hand. After dinner a favorite cat placed herself on the table near him. As I sat next he begged me not to be disturbed. He caressed the animal who was evidently a pet, and said that "if cats were as well treated as dogs they would be as gentle and faithful." This I think somewhat doubtful, since, if the experience of mankind had not shown the contrary to be the case, there is no reason why they should not have secured to themselves that kind treatment which is bestowed on dogs. The habits and instincts of animals were a favorite topic of conversation with Sir Walter. He traced the practice of dogs, in turning themselves once or twice round, before they lie down, to their habit of scooping out, as it were, a bed in the leaves, while in a state of nature.

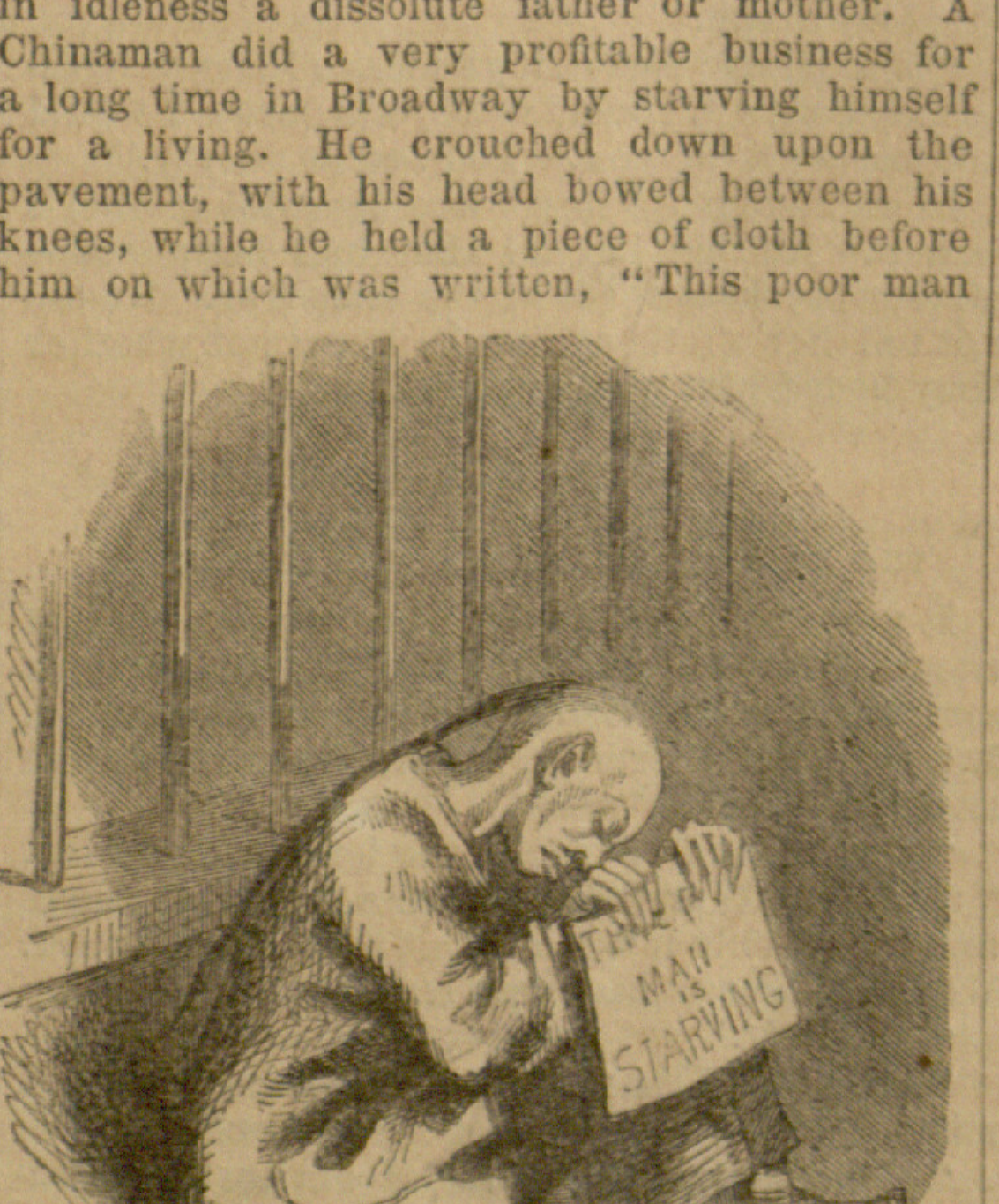
We were regaled at dinner by the gardener, in the character of piper, dressed in his tartans, and playing national airs on the bagpipe on the little lawn before the house. For this contribution to our entertainment, he was called in by Sir Walter and rewarded with a glass of whiskey. The bag-pipe at the banquet, played by the Chieftain's piper, is a part of the ancient Celtic state, still kept up in the great Scottish houses. Sir Walter clung with patriotic fondness to these National traditions.

But I must reserve for another paper the rest of these recollections, as well as a brief account,—alas, under a mournful change of circumstances,—of "Abbotsford revisited" after a lapse of twenty six years.

NEW YORK BEGGARS.

Notwithstanding the ample provision made by the public authorities, and by innumerable private institutions, for the relief of the poor and needy, New York constantly swarms with importunate beggars, and the noticeable fact in connection with these sturdy solicitors of charity is that one rarely sees a beggar who has a look of hunger or misery. Hence it may be concluded that begging is not by any means an unprofitable business. The disagreeable feelings that the sight of New York beggars gives rise to, is not so much pity for their sufferings, as sorrow that so many human beings, who might be profitably employed, should be bred to the degrading and demoralizing business of mendicancy. The greater part of our beggars are young children who are thoroughly educated to their calling. They are taken at a very early age, and sent out to ask for a cent to buy a loaf of bread. By the time the little creatures get to be eight or ten years old they are very expert, able to assume all the arts of the professional mendicant, and with all the feelings which belong to youth crushed out of them. Little boys do not take so readily to the business as little girls, or it may be because they do not appeal so powerfully to the sensibilities of the humane that they are rarely employed. Whatever the reason may be, it is seldom that one is beset by boys in the form of beggars.

One very cold night last winter, as we were going through Fulton-street, we heard the voice of a young child crying piteously, and turning to the spot whence the noise proceeded, we found two little girls sitting upon the sill of a door. We asked what the matter was, when one of the children quickly replied, "this little girl, mister, is crying because she has lost all her money, and she is afraid to go home because her mother will give her a beating." "How much money has she lost?" we asked. "Three and sixpence," replied the child. "And how did she get so much money?" "By selling matches." This was a case of genuine distress which could not be resisted, and we made good the loss of the little creature, and went our way wondering at the capacity of endurance in such slight and youthful beings upon whom the burdens of poverty rested so heavily. But, a few nights afterwards, in passing near the same place the same heart-touching wail fell upon our ears, and we found the same little girls, who, on being questioned, told precisely the same tale they had told before. Doubtless they had found the story sufficiently profitable "TO BE CONTINUED," and had practiced it on a good many unsuspecting listeners. The learnings of such expert beggars as these must be very great, and doubtless they were sufficient to support in idleness a dissolute father or mother. A Chinaman did a very profitable business for a long time in Broadway by starving himself for a living. He crouched down upon the pavement, with his head bowed between his knees, while he held a piece of cloth before him on which was written, "This poor man is starving." The absurdity of such an appeal was palpable enough, but it did not prevent a great many tender-hearted women, and country people, to whom the sight of a starving man was harrowing, from giving him money. He must have found it a very profitable trade, for he followed it up for a good many months, and the last we saw of him he was still starving with money enough thrown into his cap to buy him a hearty dinner. There must, of course, be many cases of real suffering, in which wretched men and women are driven by sharp necessity to solicit alms. But it is difficult to discriminate between the worthy and the unworthy; and the safer course is, for the benevolent to refuse alms to street beggars, and to bestow what they can afford to give to those almoners of the public who make it their business to seek out and relieve the distresses of the poor and deserving.



THE STEP-MOTHER.

BY ANNA CORA RITCHIE.

Step-mother! Unmusically jars the word upon the ear! A sense of something harsh and chilling strikes against the heart at the sound. The vision of a place usurped—of children thrust from their father's knee—of old and pleasant ways put aside and all things rendered strange and new in the familiar home, is conjured up with its utterance.

Let that not be! thou who hast borne a step-mother's title with such wondrous grace that it becomes ennobled in thy person. Give it melody caught from the music of thy accordant life! Stand forth in the purple light of my thoughts, draped with the sweet and sacred memories which cling about thy lovely presence, that I may paint thee fitly. If the lines be but true, the tinting faithful, the portrait *thine*, it shall wipe away the long reproach from the name of "step-dame," and embalm it in the fragrant aroma of gratitude and reverence and most tender love.

The waves of twenty years—or more—have melted at thy feet upon the shores of time, since first, with pleading eyes and timid mien, thou tookest the place a sainted mother left unfilled. Her children, not ungraciously—it may be with forbearing kindness—made room for thee beside the crowded hearth;—but could they welcome even the best of earth to that dear seat which she of Heaven had sanctified? No voice could call thee "mother;" the tender epithet seemed sacrilege upon her children's lips. The stranger was respected as their father's choice—for his sake valued, not beloved and honored for her own.

Was not thy gentle spirit sad and ill at ease, sitting among those half-averted faces, sons and daughters of one whose holy foot-prints thou hadst come to press out with thy faltering feet? They asked not—knew not;—the hand of him whose wisdom none dared question, placed thee in their midst—the inevitable was accepted as the endurable.

How mild and meek thou wert—how doubtful of thyself—how all unconscious of thy own surpassing virtues! So unassuming that thou could'st not think the noblest act of thine was better than the common deeds of others. Ever blushing at thyself, the very wit, that flashed upon thy lips, because the bubbling fount within could not repress its sparkling gush, was uttered in a tone that might escape the ear. Thus shrinkingly in thy new orbit didst thou move, thy life with unpretentious goodness rounded.

Soon—very soon—the holy magnetism, that ensphered thy soul, was felt within that home. One face turned lovingly thy way—one heart expanded wide to let thee in—one little hand was placed confidingly in thine—one guileless head pillowed itself upon thy breast and sought a mother's lost caresses there. Childhood's pure instinct, that has quicker knowledge of the good and true than older and more dull perceptions, found out maternal throbs in the "step-mother's" heart and proclaimed them with responsive tenderness. The youngest darling of the house—she who had been lifted up to sit upon a mother's death-bed—who had received upon her sinless brow the glorifying halo of a mother's dying smile, (oh! precious and mysterious benison that has illumined and enriched her life with manifold blessings from that hour to this!) 'twas she—that little child—who knew and loved thee first! Quickly another and another face turned towards thee—another and another heart unclosed to let thee in—another and another hand grasped thine with warm and trusting clasp and formed a sacred compact never to be broken.

What was the talisman that drew these alien hearts until they moved around thine own, harmonious as the stars about their sun? When sickness stretched some frail one of that group upon the couch of pain, thine was the cooling hand upon the throbbing brow—thine the voice that fell in soothing cadence on the ear—thine the patient ministering that brought relief and peace. When sorrow bowed another to the earth, thou wert the first to stoop and lift the fallen head upon thy knees, and bind with skill the bleeding wounds—and kindle up thy smile of hope, until it melted and rolled back the mists from off the clouded spirit.

O rare combination of high attributes that formed the setting of that puissant magnet-jewel worn within thy breast! A forbearing spirit—lenient eye—kindly judgment—quiet dignity—bending humility—life-pervading sweetness of Christian charity! Simple, womanly, unconscious, but unfailing magic!

Ere long there came an hour to test the strength of thy dear witchery, to break the spell or make it stronger. A baby-daughter came to lift her wailing voice and plead for infant suffrages—to stretch her feeble arms, demanding her full share of the kind father's love—to look up wondering into all those faces gathered round her cradle-bed, and claim them as brothers and sisters. Then was the newly-made mother's triumph perfected—then was the bond, her gentle hands had woven, tried and cemented. The tiny being that was rocked by throbs of such tumultuous gladness, as it lay upon her breast, was welcomed as no *half* sister in her step-children's love, but taken *wholly* gladly to their unsealed hearts.

And when another and another and another cherub girl was sent to swell the band of sisters, each little hand soon forged a new and shining link in that long, golden chain, and made it dearer as it made its circle wider. And lips that could not frame the hallowed word, when thou didst cross that threshold, called thee "mother" now, and felt it was no wrong to her in heaven!

THE ROMAN NOBILITY.

The patricians of Rome are amongst the poorest and proudest in Italy. They feel the burden of their great historic names, and have a sufficient sense of their own dignity not to expose the difficulty with which they are sustained, to the uncharitable gaze of the stranger. In Rome, they are the best image of Rome itself, and nothing more aptly portrays to the imagination this city of the dead, than the living spectres of fallen glory which are still seen wandering amongst its ruins. The few exceptions to this observation are either those new families who owe to their own patient exertions the patent and patrimony they enjoy; or relics of the old, who, by alliances with names which their fathers would have despised, have saved from destruction a few fragments of this crumbling aristocracy.

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The New Orleans papers speak of the "recent prevalence of low winds" in that section. We believe the wind has been rather low everywhere, and people generally haven't been able to *raise* it.

A SKETCH FOR PAUL PRY.

A lady from a distance writes to know "how I look, as she has read very contradictory reports in the papers, as to black eyes and blue, blonde hair and raven, short stature and tall, thinness and thickness of figure, till she is quite unable to form an opinion" on this *very* important subject.

As misery loves company, it may be some satisfaction to you, my dear Madam, to know that many people, with much better opportunities of judging, have fallen into most ludicrous mistakes while pursuing this branch of knowledge; taking a minute inventory of some woman, quite innocent of ink-tipped fingers, with a zeal worthy of a New York correspondent for some country paper; hence the discrepancies in the accounts you complain of. Having a strong sympathy for such misguided sons of Adam, I proceed, both in mercy to them and in answer to your letter, to sketch myself and my personal habits so accurately, that hereafter there need be no mistake on a point of such *vital interest*. Listen:

Imagine a thin, angular, stooping figure, blear-eyed, gray-haired, unable to walk without the aid of a stick, unless, indeed, some friendly arm is near. A testy, sour, ferocious old creature, who never laughs herself, and is therefore unwilling anybody else should laugh; who fancies only wiry dogs and vicious horses, and keeps a nest of snakes in her boudoir, that she may amuse herself by terrifying her visitors; who wears long dresses to conceal the loss of her foot, which occurred in an attempt to kick a child who sneezed, just as she was trying to catch an idea; who has twelve children and five grand-children—any mention of the latter being sufficient to set her into the most insane fury—and who are consequently boarded in the country, and never alluded to by those who wish to stand high in her esteem. Imagine her dress to be generally of bright yellow, with pink trimmings, or sea-green looped with sky-blue ribbons. Imagine her so fond of seeing herself reproduced in Daguerrean galleries, that she actually persecutes every owner of one, and every artist she knows, to sketch her.

She rises about twelve o'clock every forenoon, and breakfasts on her favorite dish of fried onions. She then writes for three hours, paying an organ-grinder to execute "Pop Goes the Weazel" under her window the while. Then she admits a hair-dresser to braid her gray locks, after which she rolls herself in huge shawls, to conceal the extreme thinness of her figure, and strikes an attitude on the parlor sofa to receive visitors, which she prefers to be of the *female* persuasion. At six she dines, drinking large quantities of "brown stout." After that she is lifted into a carriage, and proceeds to the opera or the theater, or wherever she can display herself to the best advantage. Her age is undoubtedly seventy, though she confesses only to sixty-nine. As to *Mr.* Fern, he is a corpulent gentleman of sixty—red-faced, bald-headed, just now employed, body and soul, in getting out a patent machine for packing herrings, which has been received with great favor at Washington, and in which he has been greatly assisted by his wife's mechanical turn of mind.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Fern are very hospitable. They are famous for their "literary soirees," at which the principal recommendation is great latitude in length of hair and *ears*. A list of "hotel arrivals" is left daily at their door, and a runner constantly employed to secure the most favorable specimens of this class. If the title of "Lord" be prefixed to the new arrival, the runner receives an extra fee at their hands for prompt intelligence, and the first chance at him. You will be pleased to observe, my dear Madam, that notwithstanding the many claims society has upon their valuable time, this fascinating couple still contrive to push as fast as possible, that valuable patent for packing herrings, to which I have alluded, though I cannot *yet* name the exact day on which it will be at the service of the public. Any further information which may be desired by you or any body else on that, or any other personal topic connected with them, will be most delightedly given by your obliged friend, Fanny Fern.

TO BE COAXED OR DRIVEN.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

There are two kinds of men—one kind go by driving, the other *don't*.

There is, indeed, a third class who will go neither by driving nor in any other way; but let them pass for nothing.

The men who can't be driven, but who are always open to reason, and attentive to the voice of persuasion, are the men to be valued—these are the noblest ones. They are stubborn and hard, to be sure, against the hand of violence; they are of a proud and determined make; they are the granite of humanity in that respect; but no down is softer to the entreaties of helplessness, and no unadulterated gold is more pliable than they are to the voice of reason. Blessed are such men. Miserable would this world be without them. Nobody who has any self-respect, or any sort of insight into human nature, would ever attempt to drive such men as these; there is no use in trying it, and no pleasure—you are always sure to spend your strength for naught, and when you sit down under the mortification of defeat you have but this for your consolation: "He would have done all for me that I desired had I but tried persuasion instead of force."

But the first class of which we speak *need* forcing. They cannot be managed without it. They are too lazy, or too indifferent, or too timid, to go ahead well in anything till they have had, at least, *one* good solid shove from somebody. Push them, drive them, hustle them along, and they will do well enough; but just let them alone, and every enterprise upon their hands will languish and fail. With very indolent children one smart *spank* is more effectual than volumes of reasoning, and just so such men as these latter are more helped by a shake and a push than by any amount of arguments; they can be got further on by main strength than by all the entreaties and solicitations in the world. Therefore, we should *study the tempers* of those with whom we have to do, and be sure not to make mistakes; for to try to drive one who ought to be only coaxed, or to coax one who needs to be driven, is a great waste of time, patience, and industry. And people are always blundering in this very matter.

A SINGULAR TRUTH.

When Dr. This cuts off a leg or extirpates a tumor, the journals ring with his name; but when Dr. That saves the one or cures the other, without knife or caustic, no one hears of it. Yet an amputation can be skilfully performed by a very indifferent surgeon, after a little teaching and practice; while the skill which treats the disease without using the knife, is the result of genius, study and experience. Honest surgeons will tell you that an operation is the disgrace of surgery, as it shows either that the surgeon is ignorant, or that the disease defies the resources of surgical skill. When we consider, however, that the least creditable action gains the most credit, we wonder at the comparative rareness of mutilated people. As matters stand, it is astonishing to find so many men and women with their full complement of arms and legs.

THE GUNMAKER OF MOSCOW;

OR,

VALDIMIR THE MONK.

A TALE OF

THE EMPIRE UNDER PETER THE GREAT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER VII.

A STARTLING TRIAL.

In order to understand the circumstances under which Ruric was brought before the Emperor it will be necessary to go back a few hours. The autocrat had occasion to send for the surgeon, Kopani, who had attended at the duel, and as he was some time in answering the summons he was questioned, when he did come, concerning his tardiness. His answer was, that he had been attending the Count Damonoff.

"And what ails the Count?" asked the Emperor. "He was well yesterday."

"Yes—but he has met with an accident to-day."

"Look ye, Kopani," the young ruler cried, who saw in an instant that something unusual had happened, "think not to conceal anything from me. What is it, now?"

"Sire, I meant not to hide anything from you. The Count has been engaged in a duel."

"Ha!—was he challenged?"

"No, sire—he was the challenger."

"So, so. And who was the other party?"

"An humble gunmaker, sire, named Ruric Nevel."

"Nevel—Nevel—" soliloquized Peter. "The name is familiar."

"His father was a captain in the last war with the Turks. He rose from the ranks under Feodor, and was one of the bravest of the brave."

"Captain Nevel—Ah, yes. I remember now. He and Valdai were the two who first mounted the ramparts at Izium. So the old despatches read."

"Yes, sire. Poor Nevel was shot a month afterwards while leading his brave company against a whole squadron of Turkish infantry, while Valdai came home and got a colonel's commission."

"And afterwards received a title," added Peter.

"Yes, sire."

"And this gunmaker is that captain's son?"

"Yes, sire."

"And methinks Valdai left a child."

"He did, sire—a daughter, who is now with Olga—she is his ward."

"Yes, yes.—And the Count fought a duel with young Nevel, and got beaten, eh?"

Before the surgeon could answer, a page entered the chamber and announced that the Duke of Tula wished to see his imperial master.

The Emperor directed that he should be admitted; and ere long afterwards the proud Duke entered the apartment. He was a tall, stout man, with light hair, and blue eyes, and not far from five-and-forty years of age. His bearing was haughty, though he was forced to a show of respect now that he was before his master.

"Sire," spoke the Duke, after the usual salutations had passed, "I have come to demand justice at thy hands. My young friend, the Count Conrad Damonoff, has been most brutally murdered."

"Ha! Say ye so, Olga?"

"Yes, sire."

"But how was it?"

"Thus it was, sire: On the day before yesterday I sent the Count with a message to one Ruric Nevel, who is a gunmaker in the Sloboda. He went as I wished, and while there, the gunmaker, who is a huge fellow, provoked a quarrel, and knocked the nobleman down. Of course the Count was offended, and as the ruffian threatened to repeat the offence, and as he furthermore grossly insulted a noble lady whom the Count held most dear, he could hardly help challenging him. The fellow accepted the challenge, and has succeeded, by the most cowardly manœuvering, in inflicting upon him a mortal wound."

"This is a serious affair," said the Emperor, who had not failed to notice the astonished look of the surgeon while the Duke was telling his story.

"It is most serious, sire; and surely the ruffian should be at once executed."

"But did you not say that the Count challenged him?"

"I did, sire; but you must remember that it was an instinct of self-preservation with the noble Count. The fellow would have undoubtedly murdered him had he not taken this course."

"Were you present at the duel, my lord?"

"No, sire; but I have a friend without who was present."

"Then you may bring him in."

The Duke departed, and when he returned Stephen Urzen bore him company.

"This is the man, sire," Olga said, as he led his companion forward.

The Emperor gazed upon Urzen a few moments in silence, and then he said,—

"You were present at this duel, were you not, sir?"

"I was, sire," the man answered, bowing low.

"And he was at their first meeting also, sire," interposed the Duke.

"Ah—yes.—Then you know all about the affair?"

"Yes, sire," answered Urzen.

"Then tell me about it."

"First, sire," commenced the man, casting a sort of assuring glance at the Duke, "the Count went to the gunmaker's shop to get him to—to——"

"Let me explain here, sire," interrupted the Duke, as his puppet hesitated. "This man may not know properly about that mission. Living with me is a young girl—a ward of mine—a gentle, timid being, who has been somewhat a comfort to me in my loneliness. In childhood she was acquainted with this Ruric Nevel, and now the fellow has presumed thereupon several times to insult her of late with his disgusting familiarity. She dared not remonstrate with him for fear of violence, so she referred the matter to me. The Count has been anxious to win her for a wife, so I thought him not an improper person to send on the delicate mission. Accordingly I wrote a sort of promise—in the form of a voluntary assurance—pledging the signer not to make himself familiar with the lady any more. And at the same time he received the assurance that his presence was very disagreeable to the person mentioned. This I supposed he would sign at once; and as the count aspired to her hand I deemed it no more than right that he should render her this service. Now, sire, this gentleman may continue."

Thus bidden Urzen resumed:

"The noble Count was desirous, sire, that I should accompany him, and I did so. Upon reaching the man's shop we found him at work upon a gun-lock, I think. He received the note, but refused to sign it. The Count urged him to sign, in mild, persuasive language, until the fellow became insolent. Then he used some stronger terms, and I think he made some threat of what he would do if his insults to the lady were repeated; and thereupon the gunmaker struck him a furious blow in the face and knocked him down. I cannot remember all the threatening language which the fellow used, but it was fearful."

"And how about the duel?" asked the Emperor.

In answer to this Urzen related what he had prepared on the subject; and it need only be said that the report was about on a par with what we have already heard. He even went so far as to swear that the Count had tried repeatedly to compromise matters after the conflict had begun—that he begged of Nevel to give up the battle; but that the latter, thirsting for the young nobleman's blood, kept hotly, madly at it!

It was at this juncture, and without reference to the surgeon, that the Emperor sent for Ruric; and having learned that a lieutenant of the Khitagorod guard was present at the duel, he sent for him also. Orsa arrived first, and was present when Ruric came.

And now Ruric Nevel stood before his Emperor. Peter gazed upon him for some moments, and then he said—

"Sir, thy bearing is bold."

"Why should it not be, sire, when I stand before one whom I honor and respect, and do not fear?" So spoke Ruric calmly, and with peculiar dignity.

"Not fear?" repeated the autocrat, sternly.

"No, sire. Peter of Russia is not a man to be feared by those who love and honor him."

"Insolence!" uttered the Duke.

The Emperor looked up into his face, and he added—

"Now, sire, you can see for yourself some of his traits of character."

"Aye," returned Peter, "I see. They are wonderful. I knew not that among my artizans there were men of such boldness."

The Duke knew not how to interpret this, and he moved back a pace.

A. BOBBETT SC

'Now, sir," resumed Peter, turning to the gunmaker, "how dared you strike a Russian nobleman."

"I did not, sire. Conrad Damonoff came to my shop, and he brought me a paper, in which I was required, or ordered, to relinquish all claims to the hand of——"

"Sire," interposed the Duke, "he misstates——"

"Never mind," broke in the Emperor, with an authoritative wave of the hand, "we will hear nothing about the lady here. Why did you strike the Count?"

"Because, sire, he descended from his station and struck me. He threw away that peculiar shield which should protect the nobleman, and struck me without provocation."

"And then you knocked him down?"

"I did, sire."

"And perhaps you would have done the same to me."

"Sire," answered the youth, quickly, "when Damonoff tried by threats to make me sign his paper, I told him there was but one man on earth at whose order I would do that thing. The man who has the *right* to command shall never have occasion to strike me."

There was something in this reply, and more in the tone and bearing of him who spoke it, that made the Duke tremble. He saw plainly that the Emperor's eyes sparkled with admiration as they rested upon the gunmaker.

"But now about this duel," resumed the Emperor. "How dared you take advantage of the Count in the conflict?"

"Advantage, sire?" repeated the youth, in surprise.

"Aye. Did he not, Stephen Urzen?"

"He did, sire," replied the man thus addressed.

"And which of the two do you call the best swordsman?" Peter asked.

"Why, sire, the Count is, or was, vastly his superior."

"And what say you, sir lieutenant?"

Alaric trembled, for this was addressed to him. He knew that the Duke was anxious to crush his friend, and he feared to draw the wrath of that powerful nobleman down upon his head. But a happy thought came to his aid.

"Sire," he said, "I would rather you would judge of that for yourself."

"I judge? And how am I to do that?"

"Let Ruric Nevel's skill be tried here before you. If I mistake not, you have some good swordsmen near your palace. There is Demetrius the Greek."

"What—my Master-at-Arms?"

"Yes, sire."

"Why—he is the best swordsman in my empire. I think our young adventurer would fare badly in his hands."

"Sire," spoke Ruric, modestly, but yet frankly, "it were sure no disgrace to be overcome by your tutor."

"And will you take a turn with him at the swords?"

"Yes, sire—if so it please you."

"Then," cried the Emperor, leaping up, "we'll have some diversion out of this trial. What ho, there! Light up the chamber.—Let every lamp be lighted, for we want sight now. Send Demetrius here—and tell him to bring his round-edged swords!"

Both the Duke and Urzen stood aghast at this new turn; but they had one hope; Demetrius might overcome the gunmaker so easily that Peter should not see his real power.

Demetrius soon came, and under his arm he carried the swords. They were of the common size, but with round edges and points on purpose for play. The master-at-arms was a powerfully built man, and possessed a splendid form. He was a Greek by birth, and was now retained by the Emperor as a teacher of the sword exercise.

"Demetrius," said Peter, "I have sent for you to entertain us with a show of your skill. Here is a man about whose power there is some dispute. Mind you—it is all in kindness.—Ruric Nevel, take your weapon."

The youth stepped forward and extended his left hand for the sword, and the right hand he extended for the other to grasp. It was taken warmly, for the Greek saw in an instant that he had a noble man to deal with. And those two men were not much unlike in form. Demetrius was an atom the tallest, but Ruric showed the most muscle.

The night had come on, but the great lamps were all lighted, and the room was as bright as day.

"Sir," said Ruric, addressing the Greek, "this is none of my seeking, though I will confess that for a long while I have longed to cross a playful sword with you. I play well."

"I like you," the Greek replied, bluntly and kindly; "and if you beat me I will not like you less. I can afford to be beat once, seeing that thus far I have never been since first I offered to fence."

"Come, come," cried Peter, who was impatient for the entertainment, "let's see the opening. Now stand aside, gentlemen."

Like two twins stood those swordsmen as their weapons crossed with a clear, sharp clang. The Greek led off carefully, and Ruric as carefully warded every stroke. Then the former assumed a guard and Ruric led off in turn. Ere long the swords clashed with sharper ring, and soon sparks of fire flew out from the clanging steel. Louder and louder grew the clang, and quicker and quicker grew the strokes. The thrusts were made with skill and force, but as yet neither had been touched.

The Emperor was in ecstacy. He clapped his hands and shouted *bravo* with all his might.

By and by Ruric's eye grew more intense in its meaning fire. His opponent saw it, but he could not tell what it meant. The youth was about to risk the most daring feat of all he knew. Steadily burned his eye, and his lips were set like steel. At length he saw that the Greek was playing for a thrust, and he lowered his point. Demetrius saw the chance, and drawing his arm quickly back he made the thrust with all his power. He was sure now he had won, for there was no earthly way in which his point could be struck either down or up. But see? With a gliding motion—a motion almost imperceptible—Ruric raises his sword and the other slides upon its side, and the other point, instead of touching his breast, is caught in the cross-guard of his haft. Then, quick as lightning, and with all his might, Ruric bends his elbow downward with the whole weight of his massive shoulder, and throws his wrist upward. On that instant the Greek sees and feels what meant that strange fire of the eye. He feels his point caught, but before he can close his grasp more firmly the haft is wrenched from his hand—it strikes the vaulted ceiling with a dull clang—and descending, is caught by Ruric Nevel fairly by the hilt!

For a moment all is still as death in that chamber. Ruric is the first to break the silence. He advances to the Greek, and, as he hands back both the swords, he says,—

"Demetrius, remember your promise. I know you are a brave man, for I can see it in your forgiving glance. *You will not like me less for this?*"

"By heavens, no?" the noble Greek cried, dropping both the swords, and extending both hands, which the gunmaker grasped. "Ihonor you—I love you."

Peter Alexiowitz, the impetuous Emperor—then in the zeal and fire of youth—leaped from his standing-place, and caught Ruric by the hand.

"By Saint Michael!" he cried, earnestly and loudly, "you stand clear of all blame, for full well do I now know that, had you so desired, you could have slain Conrad Damonoff at your first intent."

"Sire," answered the youth, now speaking tremulously, "twice did I disarm the Count, and yet spare him. And when, in my rage, I broke his weapon in twain to bring him to his senses, he seized a second sword."

"Sir Duke," spoke the Emperor, turning towards Olga, who stood trembling with rage and mortification, "you see you must have labored under a mistake. You can retire now.——Not a word, sir!"

With a quivering lip and trembling step the Duke left the apartment, and after him went Stephen Urzen.

"Now, Ruric Nevel, if you leave Moscow without my consent, you do so at your peril. I would not lose sight of you. You are at liberty."

In an hour more Ruric was upon his mother's bosom. He told her all that had happened—all but the last words of the Emperor. He did not tell her of those, for he knew not whether they boded him good or evil.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MASK FALLS FROM A VILLAIN'S FACE.

It was about two weeks after the events last recorded that Rosalind Valdai sat in her own apartment with Zenobie for her companion. It was in the afternoon, and a severe storm was raging without.

"Now, Zenobie," spoke the beautiful maiden, "we have a moment alone—the first since morning. And now tell me about that black monk. What did he say his name was?"

"Valdimir."

"Ah, yes. I have heard his name, and if I mistake not, he is a sort of mysterious being."

"He is, my mistress; and I am just as confident that I have seen him before as I am that I have seen you before."

"How? Seen him before?"

"Yes."

"But where?"

"Ah," returned the young girl, with a dubious shake of the head, "there is the mystery. For the life of me I cannot tell. He knew me—he knows everybody—and yet he has not been long in the city, if one might judge from his conversation."

"But what did he stop you for? Where was it?" asked Rosalind, eagerly.

"It was in the church he stopped me—in our church of St. Stephen. He was at the altar, and he beckoned to me as I arose to come out. I went to him, and he asked me about you."

"About me?"

"Yes—and about Ruric Nevel."

"And what about us?" the maiden asked, blushing.

"He asked me if I thought you loved the young gunmaker. He was so kind—and he seemed so anxious to know—and then he seemed to take such an interest in Ruric, that I could not refuse to answer him."

"But what did you tell him?"

"I told him you did love Ruric. I told him how you had been children together—and how you would now give your hand to him sooner than to the proudest noble in the land. He asked me some things about the Duke, but I would not tell him that. When I must tell of evil if I tell the truth, I will not speak if I can properly avoid it."

"You were right, Zenobie. You were very right—about this last part; but you should not have told all you knew concerning me and Ruric."

"I hope I did nothing wrong. Oh, I should be proud to acknowledge my love for such a man."

"Aye—and so I am, my little sprite. I love Ruric with my whole soul, and would be proud to give him my hand this day; but that is no reason why you should tell of it."

"Surely my mistress, I meant no harm," the young girl cried eagerly.

"Hush, Zenobie. I do not blame you. Only I would have you careful."

"And I would be careful. But oh, you could not have resisted him. He drew it from me almost ere I knew it. He put his questions in such a strange manner that I could not speak without telling what he wanted to know. He did not say 'Does she love Ruric Nevel?' but he took it for granted that such was the case, and then ere I was aware of it he had made me say so. But he surely does not mean you harm; nor does he mean harm to Ruric. He is a good man, I know."

"I wish I could see him," said Rosalind, half to herself.

"You cannot mistake him if you ever do see him, my mistress. He is a strange looking man; and then he dresses differently from most of our church officers. He dresses all in black—to-day it was in black valvet. But his shape is his most striking characteristic. He is the fattest man in Moscow. His belly shakes when he laughs, and his chin seems to sink clear out of sight. He would be a funny man, and would make me laugh, if he did not puzzle me so."

"And did he ask you about anything else?"

"No—only he asked me if I knew how the Duke stood with the Emperor; and I told him I thought he stood very well. Then he said he had heard that they had had some dispute concerning the duel between the Count Damonoff and Ruric. But I told him I guessed that had resulted in no estrangement, for the Duke was as much at court as ever. And after that he told me about the duel, as he was there and saw nearly the whole of the affair."

And Zenobie went on and told all that the monk related about Ruric's bravery; and Rosalind listened now attentively and eagerly. It was a theme that pleased her. The attendant saw how gratefully the account came upon the ears of her mistress, and she closed the recital with some opinions of her own wherein Ruric Nevel was held up as a pattern after which all men who wished to win the love of woman should be made.

But before any answer could be made by Rosalind the door of the apartment was opened, and the Duke entered. He smiled very kindly as he bowed to his ward, and then, with a wave of his hand, he motioned for Zenobie to withdraw; and after the attendant was gone he took a seat close by his fair charge. The maiden looked up into his face, and though there was no very serious look there as yet, still she could plainly see that he had something of more than usual importance in his mind. She shuddered as she gazed upon him, for she could not help it. There was something in the look of the man—a sort of hidden intent which came out in his tone and glance—a deep meaning, something which he had never spoken, but which was yet manifest, that moved her thus. What it was she could not tell. It was the prompting of that instinct of the human soul which may repel an object while yet the working mind detects nothing evil.

But she was not to remain in the dark much longer. The Evil One was loose, and his bonds of restraint were cast off. He had marked his prey, and the meshes were gathering about it.

"Rosalind," the Duke said, in a tone which he meant should have been easy and frank, but which, nevertheless, was marked strongly with effort, "there is some talk among the surgeons now that Conrad Damonoff may recover."

"O, I am glad of that," Rosalind earnestly replied.

"Yes—I suppose so," resumed Olga, eyeing her sharply. "But you have no particular care for him, I presume."

"For—for—the Count?"

"Aye—it was of him I was speaking."

"No, sir. I care only for him as I care for all who need to become better ere they die."

"Aha—yes," said the Duke, biting his lip, for in his own mind he had the frankness to acknowledge that he was about as needy of virtue as was the Count. "But," he resumed, with a faint smile, "you never loved the man."

"No, sir," the maiden answered, gazing up into her guardian's face with an inquisitive look.

"So I thought—so I thought." As Olga thus spoke he smiled again, and moved his chair nearer to Rosalind. "I am well aware," he resumed, "that your affections have not yet been set upon any one who is capable of making a proper companion for you through all the ups and downs of coming life."

Rosalind's eyes drooped beneath the steady gaze of the speaker, and her frame trembled. But ere she could make any reply the Duke went on:

"My dear Rosalind, I have come now upon a business which I may justly call the most important of my life. I have not approached this subject lightly, nor with over zeal; but I have come to it through careful consideration and anxious study."

Here the Duke stopped and gazed into Rosalind's face. She met his gaze, and her eyes drooped again. She trembled more than before, and a dim, dreadful fear worked its way to her mind.

"Rosalind," the nobleman continued, "when I was but nineteen years of age I was married with a girl whom I loved. She lived with me four short, happy years. In that time we were blessed with two children, but they lived not long to cheer us. And then my beautiful wife died, and the world was all dark and drear to me. I thought I should never love again. Time passed on, and you were placed in my charge. When you first came I loved you; and I wondered if you were to take the place of the children I had lost. But you grew quickly up. Your mind was expanded, and your heart was large. I found that I could not make a child of you; and then I sat down all alone and asked myself what place it was you had assumed in my heart. Can you guess the answer, Rosalind?"

"As a little child," answered the maiden, trembling violently.

"No, no, sweet one. I pondered, and I studied; and I examined myself carefully; and I found that the memory of my departed wife was fast fading away before the rising of another one just as pure, and just as holy. Now do you understand?"

"No, no,—Oh, no!" the maiden uttered in a frightened whisper.

"Then listen further," continued the nobleman, in a low, earnest tone, and with a strange fire in his deep blue eye: "As your charms of both mind and person were gradually developed I came to look upon you with new feelings, or, I should say, with the old feeling more fully developed. I looked around me. I saw my sumptuous palace without a legitimate female head. In my parties I had no companion to assist and guide me, and in my loneliness I had no mate to cheer and enliven me. I wished not that such should be the case. At length my eyes were opened, and I saw plainly the spirit that was moving upon my soul. I looked upon you, and I knew that I had found the woman who was to give me joy once more. Rosalind, I love you truly, fondly; and I would make you my wife. Now you cannot fail to understand me—can you!"

Rosalind gazed up into the face of her guardian, and she was pale as death.

"You do not mean——Oh!"

It was a deep, painful groan, and the fair girl clasped her hands towards the man before her.

"Hold," he said, almost sternly. "I am not trifling now. I am not only serious, but firm in purpose. When you were placed under my charge your father bade me do as I would; and now I would make you my wife. The Count Damonoff was the first who came for your hand, and had he been a proper man, and had you loved him, I should have interposed no objections; but you did not love him, and that affair is passed. Now I lay my claim upon you, and my fortune and title I lay at your feet."

"And what is to become of my estate?" the maiden asked, quickly and meaningly, for the thought flashed upon her.

"Why—we'll have the two united," returned the Duke with some hesitation.

"No, no," Rosalind cried; "you will not do this. Oh, spare me from such a fate!"

"Spare thee, girl? Spare thee from becoming the wife of one of the most powerful noblemen in the empire? You must be crazy."

"My guardian," said the Rosalind, now looking her companion steadily in the face, "you only do this to try me. When you know that such a union would make me miserable forever—when you know it would cast out all the joys of life, and extinguish the last hope of peace from my soul, you surely will not press it."

"Rosalind Valdai, I have resolved that you shall be my wife. Mind you—this is one of the firm, fixed purposes of my soul;—and those who know the Duke of Tula best know that he never gives up a purpose once fixed in his mind. You cannot mistake me now."

Slowly the stern fact dawned upon Rosalind's mind. There had been a lingering hope that he might be only trying her to see if she loved him, or if she would willingly become his wife. Awhile she remained with her head bowed, and her bosom heaving with the wild emotion thus called up; but at length she looked up and spoke.

"Sir," she said, faintly, but with marked decision, "you cannot make me your wife."

"Ah?—and why not?"

"Because I will never consent.'

"Ah—say ye so?"

"I do—and I mean it."

"Ha, ha, ha,—you know little of my power if you think you can thwart me in my purpose. I tell thee, as sure as the God of heaven lives, you shall be my wife!"

"No, no. Before heaven, I protest against such an unholy union. You cannot have my heart, and such a union would be but foul mockery."

"Oho,—now you come to the point. I can't have your heart, eh? Perhaps your heart is given to the gunmaker?"

Rosalind's eyes flashed in an instant. The words of the Duke were spoken sneeringly and contemptuously, and they jarred upon the fair girl's soul.

"Aye," she quickly uttered, and boldly, too, "I do love Ruric Nevel; and he is worthy of my love."

"Now, my pretty ward," resumed Olga, in a tone of peculiar irony, "you have spoken as I hoped you would speak—plainly and to the point; so I can answer just as plainly. Know, then, that Ruric Nevel can never be your husband. He stands charged with a horrid crime, and the Emperor only waits to see whether the Count recovers or not ere he awards the punishment. The gunmaker is forbidden, on pain of death, to leave the city. So you may cast him from your thoughts as soon as possible."

"What crime is Ruric accused of?" the maiden asked.

"Of murder."

"In wounding the Count?"

"Yes."

"Oh, how can you bring your tongue to such speech? You know the noble youth was not to blame in this affair. He was——"

"Hold, Rosalind. I want no argument on this question. You have heard what I have said, and be assured that I mean it. I had hoped you would receive my proposal with more favor; but I did not enter into the plan until my mind was all made up, and the thing all fixed. You will become my wife within a month!"

"I will flee to the Emperor," gasped Rosalind.

"You will not leave this place again until you are the *Duchess of Tula!*"

"I will never speak the word that is necessary to make me your wife—never! At the altar, if you be by my side, my lips shall be sealed, and no power on earth shall loose them!"

"Do you mean this?" whispered the Duke.

"As God lives, I do."

"Then mark me:" the stout, dark nobleman gazed fixedly into the maiden's face as he spoke, and in his look and tone there was a fiendish expression which could not be mistaken. "Rosalind Valdai," he hissed, "you shall be my wife:—my bed shall be your bed! My will shall be your master! And if you attempt to set me at defiance, I will find means to make you repent your audacity, with tears of anguish, during every hour of your life."

With one deep, soul-dying moan, the poor girl sank down shivering and pale. The Duke caught her as she fell, and having laid her senseless form back upon the couch, he strode from the aprrtment.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE FINAL REST.

Perhaps there are not many whose life's history has induced so deep and seated a weariness, both of the body and the soul, that they can think of no bed but the grave that is at all likely to give them that for which they languish, rest—quiet—peace; but there are many who are *very* weary—many who do not find much repose upon the earth, and who *sometimes* more than half wish that they were already under it. Let all such persons wait with patience, let them bear on, as best they may, with the things that tire them; every day brings them nearer to the end; every step counts one in their journey. Tug on a little longer, friend, and your burden will fall, and for *you* there will be no more labor and no more sorrow. You will not even have to make your own bed, or to settle your own array, or to cross your own hands, or close your own eyes, then. Others will do all these things for you *then*, when your hour of rest cometh. Oh! slumber, peaceful, deep, long! that hath no feverish dream, no drenching tears, no restless tossings, well mayst thou be long; the wakefulnessthat follows thee will be eternal. A. M.

LOVE:—A JINGLE.

ADDRESSED TO AN AMATORY POET.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

How silly must he be,
Who, lovely though she be,
For some darling Phœbe,
Or Phillis or Chloe, in print puts his woes;
Abstracted from all, he
Gives up to his folly,
And thinks of his Dolly,
Or Polly, or Molly,
While others are jolly,
With deep melancholy—
He never knows holiday, rest or repose.

His lady-love schools him,
And finely she fools him!
First, warms him, then cools him,
And absolute rules him in spite of himself;
Assuming to doubt him,
Pretending to flout him,
Affecting to scout him,
To angrily clout him,
Throw terrors about him,
And utterly rout him,
Yet not do without him—the sly, little elf!

It seems to her lover
That angels they hover
Forever above her,
Nor can he discover he's led by the nose
No dark necromancy,
Nor fierce circumstance he
Can summon or fancy,
Nor fact that he can see,
Can ever emanci-
-pate him from the trance, he
Gets in when the maiden her spell on him throws.

Fond lover, bethink you,
Suspense like an incu-
-bus comes thus to sink you
Far deeper in sorrow than plummet can sound.
Than Cupid 'twere better
To Hymen be debtor;
Ask boldly and get her,
Within your heart set her,
Protect, love and pet her,
And no longer let her
Lead you in her fetter in triumph around.

Unless this your course is
Conviction perforce is
Your only resources
Are ditties forlorn that are cloaks to your fears;
And wide-spread this news is:—
The lover who woos his
Fair love with the muses,
Nor other means chooses,
Good counsel refuses,
Our patience abuses,
And sympathy loses we keep for our ears.

THE PASS OF THE DEAD;

OR,

THE RANCHERO'S REVENGE.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

La Rinconada is the name of a rich *hacienda*, occupying, as its name implies, a *nook* or *corner* in the mountains. As you pass up from the sugar fields and orange groves of the fair valley of Monterey, towards Saltillo, and the glorious, ever-memorable battle field of Buena Vista, your road lies along a narrow valley at the base of the Sierra Madre, which rises, on your left, a sheer cyclopian wall, whose porphyritic crests throw back the rays of the morning sun, while yet the vales below are wrapped in night. This vast mountain range is the great climatic boundary between the *Tierra Caliente* of the coast plains, and the *Tierra Templada* of the elevated Table Lands beyond. The only gateway for many leagues through this mighty wall, is that of *El Paso de los Muertos* (the pass of the dead),—at the eastern termination of which, lies buried in perpetual shadow, beneath the peaks of the Mother Mountain, the *rancho* of the hacienda, *La Rinconada*.

This point, being about half way between the two most important positions of our line of operations, during the late war with Mexico, had been made a depot for stores, and garrisoned by a small force of troops from one of the Ohio Regiments. It had previously been occupied by the enemy;—they having erected works at the head of the Pass. It is probably one of the strongest natural positions in the world, for a military stand. The mountains present on either hand a wall of naked cliffs, towering perpendicularly to the skies; while at the bottom of the gorge, a deep and narrow ravine is the only passage to the steep and broken wagon track, ascending to the Table Land above.

A handful of brave, determined men, might easily defend the passage, in spite of any force that could be brought against them. A single battery mounted at the head of of the ravine, on either side of the road, could be trained so as to completely enfilade the gorge.

The *Pass of the Dead*, is a wild and gloomy spot. Its very name is associated with horrors; and its dark legends are made up of tales of robbery and murder. The cheerful beams of the warm sun never penetrate the wilderness of cacti and poisonous vines that creep over the chaotic mass of rocks, that have tumbled from the cliffs. The crevices of the rocks are planted with innumerable rude crosses; each marking the scene of some fearful crime. Almost choking the passage through this wild gorge is a huge cairn of broken stone, covering the skeleton remains of the victims of some bloody tragedy. This pile, to which the custom of the country, requires each traveler to add his stone, has given the expressive name to the spot. Concerning this spot, an aged *peon* or chattel servant told me and a company of friends camped out on the mountain above it, the following terrible story:

"Well, Señores," he commenced, "the circumstances I'm going to relate occurred nigh about thirty years ago. I was a young man then; Perez, my youngest boy, here, was born that year. I should remember it on that account, if for nothing else; but I have greater cause to remember it. It was at that dreadful time my boys lost their mother—may her soul rest in peace—and all our people suffered. But most fearfully were all our wrongs avenged that day. It was the year of the great *pronunciamento*, when the Mexican people, tired of Spanish domination, had proclaimed Don Agustin Iturbide our Emperor.

"The whole country was in arms; and the two parties were arrayed against each other with the bitterest enmity. It was, as you know, Señores, a war between the *Indios* and mixed people of the country, and the *Criollos* and *Gachupines*, or Spaniards. My old master, Don Perez Mendez, the father of my present master, was then the owner of the hacienda in the valley below; and being a Spaniard of Cordova, was naturally attached to the old government. He commanded a regiment of lancers, made up mostly of the people of the hacienda, and was absent with his troop at San Louis.

"Don Perez had shortly before been engaged with a large force of the insurgents beyond Saltillo, on the very field of Angostura, where your countrymen, Señores, have just defeated the army of Santa Anna. But he had been forced to fall back upon the main army at San Louis. He was a marked man, and the enemy determined to revenge his opposition to the popular cause by the destruction of his estate here. A friend of my master at Saltillo, gaining intelligence of the intended attack upon the ranche and hacienda, despatched a messenger to us with the information, and recommended us to secrete such valuables as could be removed, and to betake ourselves with our families to the mountains, until they had accomplished their revenge.

"There were about fifty men of us left upon the estate. We had gathered the stock, and driven it to a distant valley where the enemy would be unable to find it; and were still busily engaged in secreting the property of the ranche, when the lookout we had stationed beyond the pass came dashing into the place, with the cry of '*los soldados! los soldados!*'—the soldiers—the soldiers!—He reported that a large force of cavalry was that moment galloping through the pass.

"Calling our people together, we had scarcely time to cross the river and gain the thickets on its banks, when the enemy rushed into the place, and filled the plaza. A portion of them crossed the river above and below where we had taken cover, to cut off our retreat to the mountain.

"Oh! Señores! I cannot describe the horrors of that fearful day. We *peons* were unarmed, and unable to defend our women and children from the murderous slaughter which followed. I saw my Josefa, the mother of my boys here, fall beneath the sabre of a fierce *Indio*; but as he raised the bloody blade to strike my young Perez, I crushed his skull with a stone, and, catching my children in my arms, joined my comrades in their flight up this very mountain. We had left behind us the mutilated corpses of near one half the members of our families.

"From our hiding places among the rocks we could see distinctly everything that followed. The ranche in those days, Señores, was much larger than it now is. It covered not only the land where it now stands, but extended beyond the willow avenue, and spread over the fields beyond. Indeed, it was rather a *pueblo* (town) than a *rancho*. Where the plaza now is stood a large church, and the family mansion of Don Perez opposite to it.

"Soon the red flames burst from the mansion, and then the church was on fire; and the black fiends, armed with burning brands, ran yelling from house to house, till the entire place was wrapped in flames. We felt the heat from the burning ranche, even here far up on the side of the mountain.

"This cruel sight was more than I could endure. I burned for vengeance. At last I conceived a plan for revenge, and communicated it to my surviving comrades.

"I had observed since boyhood that a huge portion of the cliff, which overhung the cañon leading up the Pass, had been partially detached from the mountain. It had probably been rent by the throes of an earthquake; and year after year I had watched the crevice, as it gradually enlarged by the action of water and other causes. The terrific peals of thunder which sometimes reverberated among the mountains, caused the mass to tremble, and threatened to fill up the narrow ravine. The rent had now widened to several feet, and the great rock hung tottering over the abyss. I knew a slight force applied against its inner side would disturb its equilibrium, and send it crashing and thundering into the Pass below. There was no doubt the murderers of our families and companions, after they had glutted themselves upon plunder and destruction, would attempt to return to Saltillo, whence they were sent. Could we, by some plan, get them gathered in a body in the cañon, we might then be revenged to our heart's content.

"My plan was loudly applauded by my fellow peons, and in less than three hours we had passed over to the valley on the right, and provided ourselves with axes and other instruments to put our plan in force. We were satisfied that the enemy would occupy all that day in their search of the valley, and the *ranchereas* scattered through it; and would not attempt their return till late on the following day. We had, therefore, sufficient time to reclimb the mountains and gain the top of the pass, before they would be abroad.

"All that night we toiled up the almost precipitous face of the mountain, and reached the Table Land just as the sun lit up the smoking ruins of our homes. It was the severest labor of my life we had just surmounted, and throwing ourselves upon the ground, we were obliged to seek a little rest before we could proceed with the labor still before us. But impelled by the fierce vengeance that burned in our hearts, we soon resumed the task.

"In the first place, we required large and strong levers made from the trunks of trees. The stunted growth of the Table Land was insufficient, and to obtain those suited to our purpose, we had to climb to the crest of the mountains overlooking the pass. The pines furnished what we wanted. By the time this excessive labor was accomplished, the sun had risen high, and as we had not a moment to lose, we hastened to try their effects upon the rock.

"To our great joy, we found that the force of four men could easily make the huge mass vibrate on its slender pivot. Our united strength would doubtless detach it entirely from the mountain. So, planting our levers, we proceeded to the work which still remained to be done.

"It occurred to me that the soldiers, loaded with plunder, and wild with the excitement of their successful attack, would naturally leave the smoking ruins in straggling parties, and thus spreading themselves along the path leading through the Pass, cheat us in part of the deep vengeance we were preparing for them. We therefore descended into the ravine, and having ascertained the exact spot where the fearful instrument of our revenge would first strike upon the ascending road, we hastily gathered the fragments of rocks which lay scattered around, and constructed a strong barricade across the cañon, a few rods above. We worked with a will, and as we had only to tumble the rocks from the high banks on either side, soon threw up a wall impracticable to cavalry, and which would take our foes hours to remove.

"We had scarcely achieved this piece of engineering when the Pass below began to echo the wild sounds of the yelling miscreants, now on their return from their bloody foray.

"As I had anticipated, they straggled along without order; their animals almost sinking under the plunder of our homes. Here and there we could perceive little parties of them, as they wound saunteringly up the pass; and by the time the advance crowd had reached the barricade the last of the stragglers had but just left the valley. But as the leaders reached the obstruction they were forced to halt, and those below continuing up the steep ascent, soon filled up the cañon.

"The foremost dismounted and proceeded to remove the barricade. But this was the labor of hours; and before the work was half completed the stragglers had all come up; and, curious to ascertain the cause of the halt, forced their horses forward till they were huddled in a dense mass within the rocky passage. There were at least three hundred of them.

"In the meantime, we had returned to the top of the cliff, where, under cover of the bushes which grew upon the top of the "Devil's Bite" (*El Bocado del Diablo*) as the fractured portion of the cliff had always been called, we could watch whatever was going on below, without ourselves been perceived.

"Now was the time to spring our awful deadfall. Our enemies were crowded directly upon the spot where the huge mass must strike when severed from the mother cliff.

"'Now, men!' I cried. 'To the levers! Think of our murdered wives and children—our slaughtered comrades, our burning rancho—and heave all together!'

"Each one of us threw his weight upon the timbers. The great rock moved; the rent widened gradually for an instant or two; and then the mighty mass leaped with a mad bound into the air. As the rock swayed and tottered upon its crumbling base, we made the opposite cliffs echo with our exultant shouts of—'*Death to the murderers!—No mercy to the slayers of women and children!*'

"The words were heard by the doomed victims below; and startled by the sound, they had time only to cast their eyes upwards and catch a momentary sight of the frightful object, as it reeled and trembled over their heads.

"At that instant there arose from the ravine a cry of such fearful, awful agony as never before struck upon mortal ears! It was a wild howl of utter, helpless, hopeless terror! But it was only for an instant that that terrific cry was heard; the next it was lost in the awful crash of the severed cliff, as it thundered into the narrow abyss below!

"For many minutes nothing was to be seen below us. The gorge was filled with clouds of smoke and dust created by the awful ruin. But at length, when the breeze that continually blows down the passage, had dispelled the clouds, there lay the cañon before us, filled and choked up by immense piles of broken rocks, covering all the space, which, when we last gazed down upon it, was swarming with our living foes. Horses and riders, with the plunder they were bearing from our roofless homes, had disappeared forever; they had been swallowed up in the sudden carnage! Fearful and complete indeed had been the retribution. Not one wretch out of all that band of fierce men ever returned to tell the frightful fate that befell his comrades in that gloomy mountain pass.

"From that awful day, Señores," continued the old peon, after he had paused for a moment to utter a brief *ave maria* and make the sign of the cross, "from that awful day the cañon below us has been called the '*Pass of the Dead*,' and the great cairn marks the spot of the '*Ranchero's Revenge!*'"

AN OLD MAN'S REVERIES.

What an awful night! God help the friendless and unsheltered! The snow is falling, and the howling winds seem like demon voices, rejoicing in the death of the Year, yelling in frantic revelry, as they cover him with his icy winding-sheet.

I am seated by the fire, watching its fitful flame; peculiar and saddening influences steal over me, and I am carried back to days long past, ere Time had furrowed my cheek, or bleached my few remaining locks; the flame leaps higher for a moment, and when almost bursting into a blaze, sinks and seemingly goes out; look at the soot burning in the chimney; a spark reaches it, runs along quick and joyously for an instant, then 'tis quenched; another spark, and looking for the same result, I watched; but not so this time, it stops and burns steadily and alone, until there is naught to supply it, and goes out, and I cannot help applying this to the career and end of such of the human family as have come within my sphere, and attracted my notice.

There was S. What a brilliant, dashing fellow! none at college received so many invitations to pic-nics and parties as he; the gayest among the pleasure worshipers, no assembly was complete without him; skilled in the lighter accomplishments, equally so in more solid endowments, in fact another "admirable Crichton," he flashed meteor-like upon our vision, but faded as suddenly, leaving a wife, with anguished heart, and the remembrance of bitterness to his family.

Another face comes looming up before me. Edward was a cold, calm, dispassionate youth, with no faults of his own, nor charity for those of others; he lived for the world and its approval, and gave domestic happiness in exchange for its hollow plaudits; his wife's caresses touched him not, his children's voices had no music for his deaf ears; he died—wife and children lost their supporter, husband, and father he never was; the clods that were heaped upon him were not harder or colder than the heart they covered.

With these come other memories; gentle faces, whose remembrance makes the blood of sixty winters dance again with boyish gladness! Ah, Mary with those hazel eyes, that lithe form, thou wert the soul of mirth and frolic! 'Twas this gay creature who caught my young fancy, and made me feel there was a different meaning to the word "*Love*" than that applied to mother, or sister; I never acknowledged my predilection; another transferred my Mary from her paternal mansion to make glad his own home; and thus my first love, if I can call it truly so, was taken from me; in the lapse of years, however, we met again—she was suffering in body, and her mind "ill at ease." Mine was the blessed privilege to succor and sympathize; though my skill as a physician could have no effect in her case, 'tis sweet to think that mine was the hand that smoothed her pathway to the tomb.

Following this early dream comes one of queenly presence. Margaret, the noble, the beautiful—Nature formed thee in her sublimest mood; for "Thou, so perfect, and so peerless, wert made of every creature's best;" I believe thou didst love me, and the love of such a being is elevating; I was then a man indeed; but thou, too, art gone—there is nothing left me but this rose that lay upon thy breast when its pulsations were forever stilled, and 'tis fragrant yet, like thy memory.

Another asserts her claim, for whom I experienced a different sensation; for this interesting girl was unlike all, or any woman I had ever met. I first saw her in a crowded assemblage, where a great actress was making her farewell appearance; between the acts I chanced to look about me, when in a box not far distant my eyes rested upon this "blue-eyed fairy." She was but a child in years, but she looked a woman from those gentle, pleading eyes. I felt as if I could have taken her at once, and forever, into my "heart of hearts," and sheltered her from every blast of adversity.

We met frequently after this; accident brought me in contact with her in the exercise of my profession; and as I became more intimate, my love grew stronger, until I feared to trust myself in her presence, lest by a headlong acknowledgment of my passion I should scare away the timid bird, who, regarding me as harmless, trusted herself near me. She was lovely, of that gentle and unpretending cast that wins its way almost imperceptibly to the hearts of those who gaze upon it—stealing in upon the soul as the dewy incense of evening steals over fragrant flowers. One of those rare creations of womanly virtue and purity that are seldom seen in this world of ours, as if sent to remind us that "angels do exist." Success had crowned my efforts; I had made unto myself a name; I had existed in dull, submissive silence, until this period; but now I longed for domestic retirement; a home with such a presiding spirit installed as I could love and honor; here was the goddess for my throne, but I dared not approach her; I was a dozen years her senior, and the path of duty by the bedside of suffering and death had made me older still in appearance. She was a sunbeam! I a winter's day. How would this girl of eighteen regard the suit of one who was in her eyes an old man, a gloomy misanthrope? What inducements could I hold forth to tempt her to my arms? Had her station in life been lower, or sorrow made her lot desolate, how gladly would I have offered her the homage of a worshipping heart, the protection of a strong arm, the shelter of a loving home. I almost wished that misfortune had overtaken her, that she might have come a "penniless bride" to my yearning heart; but it was not to be. She accorded me her friendship; I never asked for more, fearing to lose that, too; this was the last, and my heart went out, as the spark was smothered, in "ashes gray."

Fond memories, farewell! I have closed the door upon you. And I can now see that many things that were desirable to my youthful mind would not have been beneficial to old age; and many whom I envied I have lived to pity, some of whom have spent their fortunes and their love a long time before they died, causing me ofttimes to think that the love of God, and the love of a man's mother, are the only two things that last a man's life-time. My fire has gone out, dead as my early hopes and aspirations; I am sad, but not remorseful—those hopes are replaced by more fitting ones, which fail not; those yearnings of passionate love are chastened, and I wait in calm submission for that mandate that calls me hence, trusting in that God who "doeth all things well."

A RUN FOR LIFE.

BY A SPANISH SOLDIER.

After I had been a guerilla soldier in the Pyrenees several years, fighting for "Don Carlos and the Absolute King," sometimes shooting my own countrymen, who were enlisted under the liberal government of Espartero, and closely pressed and hunted us like wild beasts, our band was captured one day, and shut up in a stone tower as close prisoners. There we spent several weeks, when one day we were called up for a summary examination before a tribunal of officers, who condemned most of us, as great rebels against the liberal and constitutional government, at the head of which, at that time, was Espartero; and we were sentenced to be transported to the fortress of Ceuta, for a long imprisonment.

The name of that prison is a gloomy one to a Spaniard, as it is known to be a place of rigorous confinement for great offenders; and, being out of Spain, and on another continent, it seems to include the idea of foreign exile. I was filled with a kind of horror, and my feelings rose at once to such a state of desperation as I had been accustomed to indulge in while in the field. While proceeding through the narrow and gloomy passage which led to the prison door, in company with Pedro, one of my old comrades, I was in the highest excitement of mind.

Just as we approached the door, we heard the names of our two predecessors (fellow-prisoners) called out in a clear voice, and saw that this was the signal for two guards, who stood by, to seize them and conduct them away. My companion then suddenly extended his hand to me, and said, in a low whisper, "Dear comrade, take this snuff, and do as I do; throw it, and then run for the hills!"

He had no time to say more, for our names were called out, and two guards stepped towards us, one on each side. Pedro instantly threw a handfull of snuff into the eyes of the man on his right, and I discharged the supply he had given me into the face of the man who was just about to seize me on the left. Pedro sprang forward like a deer, and I followed with all the speed I possibly could. About a quarter of a mile in front of us was the first hill of a very wild and mountainous region, chiefly covered with chestnut trees. The ground lying between us and that eminence, and over which we were flying, rather than running, was fortunately free from any rocks or irregularity of surface, to impede us in our retreat, and yet was sprinkled with a few bushes, which served to offer something like screens from musket-shots, which I expected to hear behind us, presuming we must be hotly pursued. But I was much surprised and gratified, as soon as I dared to take time enough to look back, at discovering that we were not pursued. My companion remarked to me, as he ran on, that things were going just right, and as he had expected; for every man at the prison door had his hands full, to keep charge of such of our comrades as had come out, or those who were coming; while those guards who had left the spot with others, had also one prisoner each, for whom they would be held responsible, under a severe penalty. Nobody was specially answerable for us, except our two appointed guards, and they had altogether too much snuff in their faces to see or speak, or to do anything but weep, sneeze and cough, for an hour or two yet to come. At and about the prison door, therefore, all was quiet consternation; and, when the officers had recovered their presence of mind sufficiently to fire a few pistols and muskets, we were too far off to feel any apprehension.

I had observed before us, soon after the commencement of our flight, a party of men and horses on the side of the hill, moving along at a leisurely pace, apparently on a journey, and indifferent to us, and to what was going on at the prison. Pedro, however, soon assured me that they were no chance passengers; and that, if we could reach them, we should be safe. As we approached them they neither spoke, halted nor quickened their pace, but continued to move on, until they entered the shade of a grove, where they were completely sheltered from the view of any person near the prison. As Pedro rushed in among them, two of the horsemen dismounted; I heard the words: "*Bravo, bravo! quick!*" when I was seized by two or three of the strangers, lifted up and placed in a saddle in an instant, they at the same time thrusting my feet into the stirrups. As usual in that part of Spain, a pair of enormous spurs were attached to the stirrups, which my new friends crowded against my horse's flanks; and away he flew, like lightning. Pedro was by my side, soon a little behind, then ahead, then again abreast of me, both our horses going at a full gallop; while a tremendous shouting and a furious galloping were heard behind us, the cause and design of which I did not for a time apprehend. They proved to have been made, however, by the whole troop of our new friends, who joined in a feigned pursuit of us, in order to guard themselves against the suspicion of having aided our escape.

We continued to ride at full speed for some time; but, at length, having passed a fork of the road, we soon got out of sight and hearing of our followers, when Pedro reined up his horse, and told me we were out of danger, and need feel no farther uneasiness. He soon led me out of the road, into the forest; and, after following one blind path awhile, and then another, he brought me to a place where a party of men were assembled, in a dark and romantic spot, who received us as friends, and appeared to have been expecting my companion. We remained a short time in their company, and might have led an easy and secure life among the wild shepherds in those solitudes, perhaps till the present time; but, strange as it may seem, I soon felt a hankering after the dangerous and desperate life of a soldier of Don Carlos; and I struck off for the Pyrenees, through the most obscure routes I could find, to join the remains of his scattered army, and throw myself into the jaws of danger and probable death. But fortunately I survived all dangers, and finally escaped to this country.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER
BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

A LADY whose unusually bad temper is traced on a countenance of great repulsiveness, having been rescued (in Iowa) from wolves by an athletic and gallant Indian chief, in a fit of romantic gratitude offered to marry him; whereupon the savage turned and fled into the depths of the forest, and has not been seen by white man or woman since.

WHAT is the world around us but a great concert-hall, echoing with the music of bird and beast, of wind and water and foliage? What but a great gallery of pictures painted by the hand of Providence? Nature is a painter, a musician, and a poet, and her sons can do nothing better than emulate her example.

A YOUNG lady fresh from boarding-school and "very accomplished," on returning to her father's house, was requested by the "old man" to go out and help milk the cows, and on getting into the yard she innocently inquired, "*Which animal gives the buttermilk?*"

"AN India-rubber ship!" exclaimed an old sailor who had been listening to a description of such a proposed invention: "that would never do, because it would rub out all the lines of latitude and longitude, to say nothing of the equator!"

"I WISH you would embrace my husband's principles," said a dashing lady of Washington, to a member of the opposition. "I could never do that; but I would gladly embrace his wife," was the reply—and that seems to be the idea all round in that latitude.

A KENTUCKY editor accuses a poetical correspondent of having taken a pretty fancy from the NEW YORK LEDGER. We do not know how many persons may have taken fancies from the LEDGER, but certainly hundreds of thousands have taken a fancy *to* it.

NOTHING in life, after health and virtue, is more enviable than knowledge; nor is there anything so easily attained or cheaply purchased—the labor only sitting still, and the expense but time, which, if we do not spend it, we cannot save.

WHEN all is done, human life is, at the greatest and best, but like a froward child, that must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep—and then the care is over.

WE know a man of considerable property who always travels in an exceedingly filthy suit of clothes because he thinks it comfortable to have a whole seat, or rather two hole seats, to himself in the railroad cars.

A TRAVELER writing from the neighborhood of Cawnpore, says: "The fever is carrying off people rather fast here, and the cattle are in good condition;"—a good specimen of British brevity.

IT is said that the fumes of tobacco are very destructive to some kinds of flowers. We have repeatedly known them to blight almost instantaneously the buds and flowers of love.

EARTHLY happiness, like Juno, is a goddess in pursuit, but a cloud in possession—deified by those who cannot obtain her, and despised by those who can.

"Do you think you are too poor to take my paper?" said an editor to his neighbor. "No, but I think your paper too poor to be taken."

IF your wife goes into a hysterical fit, and you can cure her in no other way, go into one yourself; we should think it a justifiable *counter-fit*.

HE who believes that a man can think himself into thought is not likely to doubt the old story that ostriches hatch their eggs by just looking at them.

IT is a good sign to see a man wiping the perspiration from his face; it is a bad sign to see a fellow wiping his mouth as he comes out of a cellar.

IT is with honesty in one particular as with wealth; those that have the thing care less about the credit of it than those that have it not.

DEATH is like thunder in two particulars; we are alarmed at the sound of it, and it is formidable only from that which preceded it.

"I PRESUME you won't charge anything for just *re-membering* me," said a one-legged sailor to a cork-leg manufacturer.

"AH," said a doting old father to his wicked son, "I fear you will bring my poor gray wig with sorrow to the grave."

INTEGRITY without knowledge is weak and useless; knowledge without integrity is dangerous and dreadful.

DON'T force a man to take your advice. You can advise him to take a bath without pitching him into the river.

THE moon seems the most unsteady of all the celestial luminaries; she is continually shifting her quarters.

"YOU needn't try to look so fierce, husband; I always mind *my* eye—but I don't mind yours.

PASTRY cooks generally furnish better puffs than editors do.

CURRENT ITEMS.

AN extensive swindling firm in Baltimore was recently overhauled and broken up. It had ramifications in this city, where parties previously supposed to be respectable colluded with the Baltimoreans, and by representing them to be wealthy and of good repute, enabled them to buy largely of our dealers on credit. "He that maketh haste to sell on credit, buildeth on an uncertain foundation."

DURING the last hours of the Illinois Legislature, the Governor's private secretary came in with an obnoxious veto message from his Excellency, on attempting to read which he was assailed with all manner of yells and epithets from "honorable members," who fairly drove him from the chamber—but he left the "veto" behind him. That is a specimen of the *freest* sort of legislation.

AN intelligent "explorer" recently returned from a tour through Arizona, concerning which such seductive accounts are constantly published, says that there are not twenty thousand acres of good land in the whole Territory. Persons intending to buy lands therein and to emigrate thither should be cautious, or they may not only be swindled out of their money but also enticed to destruction.

A YOUNG lady named Miss Susan Shuck, living near Lebanon Ky., while arrayed in her bridal robes, accidentally set fire to her dress, and was burned so badly that but little hopes of her recovery are entertained. As soon as her burns had been dressed, the marriage ceremony was performed, while she was writhing in anguish on her couch.

A DESPERATE villain assaulted a poor woman in Center street a few nights since, scattered the contents of a basket of food which she was carrying home, and then knocked her down and kicked her in the side. He was arrested, but set at liberty the same night through the interposition of one of our model municipal authorities.

A BILL has been introduced into our Legislature to repeal the law authorizing the organization of Building Associations. Mechanics and others have learned that it is better to take care of their money themselves than to place it beyond their reach in the hands of irresponsible agents.

A LAD of ten years was knocked down a few days since by the horses of a Sixth avenue car, but with great presence of mind he seized hold of the pole, and raising himself from the ground, held on until the horses were stopped, and thus escaped without serious injury.

SOMETIME since, Mr. Michael Brady, of Philadelphia, was bitten by a pet fox. He paid no attention to the wound, which soon healed over; but recently Mr. B. was taken violently ill, and exhibited unmistakable symptoms of hydrophobia, with a promise of early death.

A SUBTERRANEAN vault has been discovered near Jackson, Ill., in which the air is so mephitic that no one can go down into it; but by means of rakes and hooks human bones of a gigantic size have been drawn up from its depths, and also curious coins.

A LITTLE boy seven years old, living in First avenue, was bitten by a cat a short time since, and died two days afterwards. The attending physician thinks his death was occasioned by the bite.

A STEAM engine to run on common roads is being constructed at one of our machine shops. Is it possible that "family engines" are to take the place of favorite trotting horses on our avenues?

A LITTLE girl only five years old, named Folsom, was recently attacked by a ferocious dog, in Stuyvesant Park, and so severely bitten that her life is despaired of.

MOSES S. BEACH, our neighbor of the Sun, has in use a new press, of his own invention, which feeds itself, and prints both sides at one impression.

A FAMILY of eleven persons, with the exception of one daughter, have all died in Hardy county, Va., within the last five months.

THE OLD MILL-HOME.

BY GRACE APPLETON.

Where the mill-wheel glances
  In the mellow light,
And the mill-stream dances
  Like an elfin-sprite,
There the miller lassie,
  Wi' gown tucked up,
Filleth brimfull
  The rude cocoa-nut cup,
And contentment quaffeth
  With the bubbles sweet,
While the water laugheth
  Around her feet.

There with dust-whitened head,
  But a bright, young face,
Stands the brave miller-boy
  In his wonted place,
Who sings while he toils
  With cheerful voice,
Murmuring not—
  'Tis the life of his choice
And whistling and singing
  He grinds thro' the day,
While chaffward he's flinging
  Ill-humor away!

There the brown cottage sits
  With blossom-hid door,
While the sunlight flits
  O'er the sanded floor,
And the gray-haired auld wife—
  Knitting in hand—
So lovingly watching
  The infant band,
As onward they're chasing
  The mill-stream's foam,
Dimpling adown by
  The old Mill-Home!

WE DO NOT KNOW HOW MUCH WE LOVE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

We do not know how much we love
  Until we come to part.
How strong the tendrils are that bind
  An object to the heart;
The tree, beneath whose branches, we
  In infancy have strayed;
The flowers—the friends of early youth,
  With whom we oft have played,
Are things o'er which we mourn and grieve,
  In pleasure and in pain,
As memory brings them back to us
  From out the past again.

We linger still amidst the scenes
  That we have loved so well;
While recollections fond and pure
  Within our bosoms swell;
And to their shadows still we cling,
  Even while they do depart;
For memories that we thought hid,
  Come crowding on the heart;
And though the star of hope may shed
  Its beams upon our way;
Yet Farewell 's a bitter word—
  For those who love—to say.

Baltimore, Md., March, 1859.

THE
GOVERNOR'S FIRST LOVE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

If there is any one who needs the philosophy of this world's changes, to make him wiser and better, by bringing hope to his despair, or humility to his pride, let him take a given number of individuals, and a given number of years—say twenty of each—and observe the condition of the different parties at the beginning and end of the time that is named. The result in all cases will be astonishing—in many it will be wonderful.

If old enough, reader, think back twenty years, and see where and how you stood in the world then, with nineteen others, selected at random from all you then knew. Take the names that first present themselves to your memory, and write them down, with the condition and prospects of each individual annexed; and then, underneath, write the condition and prospects of each at the present moment; and if you find not the result almost startling, and full of moral philosophy, then has time dealt gently with you and your friends, and you require not the lesson which would otherwise be taught.

Twenty names and twenty years! Ah! here they come—substance and shadow—the living and dead; but oh! how great, how startling, the change between that time and this—the past and the present!

Foremost of the group, I behold a bright, gay, fascinating and beautiful little being, who seemed born to love and be beloved. Her promise was a golden future of joy—her reality an early rest in the dark, cold grave. Nineteen years has her mortal form reposed in the quiet churchyard, and few now living remember the name she bore.

Next I recall an aspiring youth—proud, wealthy, and ambitious—bending his whole energies to academic honors and collegiate distinction. His promise was a brilliant career, with living applause and posthumous fame—his reality a loss of sight, mental disease, and a suicide's death.

The third comes up before me a poor, pale, blue-eyed cripple, whom one loved, a few pitied, and the rest despised. His promise was a short and miserable existence—his reality an honorable position, great wealth, and plenty of what the world calls friends.

And so I might go on, disposing of the number one by one; but there are two whose names rise together and blend in my memory, and who may more properly fill the limits of my space—for theirs is a history "to point a moral and adorn a tale."

Twenty years ago, then, a slender, pale young man, thinly but decently clad, was one cold, autumnal evening hurrying his steps over the ground that divided his own humble home from the large and somewhat aristocratic dwelling of a neighbor. As he drew near the mansion, which loomed up white, and seemingly cold and proud, in the frosty, star-lit air, the pale features of the young man flushed, and the hand that timidly knocked at the door trembled not a little. The door, however, was almost immediately opened, by a blooming, beautiful girl of eighteen, who said, in a rather quick and apparently excited tone:

"Ah! Walter—so it is you? Walk in!"

"I hope I see you well this evening, Mary!" returned the young man, in a slightly tremulous tone, that seemed to result from strong but partially suppressed emotions.

"Yes, I am well," replied the girl, hurriedly, as she closed the door and led the way to the sitting-room, where she motioned her guest to be seated, though without showing any inclination to sit herself. "You got my note, I suppose?" she interrogatively asserted, in a quick and flurried manner, hastily turning her flushing features from the keen scrutiny of him she addressed.

"Yes, Mary Ellsworth," replied the other, more slowly and distinctly, "I received a line or two from you, saying all the family would be absent to-night except yourself, and you desired to see me alone for a few minutes."

The young man paused, keeping his fine, hazel eyes steadily fixed upon the other, who now, with averted head, seemed much embarrassed and disconcerted. Stepping forward a few paces, she dropped into a chair, and, still without reply, appeared to busy herself in looking at the jeweled rings on her fair, soft, lady-like fingers.

"Mary," spoke young Walter Harwood, after an impressive silence of more than a minute, "what is the meaning of this?"

She played nervously with her fingers, but still remained silent.

"Mary," continued Walter, placing a chair and seating himself in such a position that he could catch a partial view of her features, "let me remind you exactly how we stand in regard to each other; and then speak frankly, and say why you sent for me!"

He paused a moment, passed his hand rather quickly and nervously along his high, white forehead, and up through his dark, clustering hair, and then proceeded:

"I am four years your senior, Mary, and have loved you from infancy. It was my delight as a child, when you were a mere infant, to hold you in these arms; and even then, young as I was, and strange as it may seem, I often prayed that I might grow up a strong man, and be ever able to support you and protect you through the journey of life.

"We were playmates when little—we grew up companions—and there was never a period of your life that I did not love you, and daily pray to be loved in return. But your father was rich, and mine was poor; and as I grew older, I learned to feel the distinction which existed, and still exists, between the families of Ellsworth and Harwood; though I will do you the justice to say, that I do not believe you ever intentionally made me perceive the difference I allude to; but I did see, know and feel it; and though loving you almost to madness, I dared not venture to tell you so, lest my motive might either be thought mercenary, or myself too presumptuous, and thus all my brightest hopes and fondest dreams be in an evil moment blasted.

"But why dwell upon this which I have many times told you already? Rather let me come to the point at once.

"About one year ago, then, Mary," the young man went on, with deep feeling, while his listener grew deadly pale and trembled violently, "such an opportunity presented itself for declaring my passion, that to delay it longer seemed flying in the very face of fortune; and carried away by an almost uncontrollable impulse, I poured out my very soul to your listening ear, and received in return such assurance of your affectionate regard, to call it by no stronger term, that I went home the happiest being in the wide, wide world. Ah! Mary—Mary—you may not love me now—you may never have loved me—but you will never be so loved by another as you are by the poor, miserable being who now addresses you.

"Well, I went home happy, as I have said—but how long did my happiness last? The very next time I met you, you seemed troubled and displeased; the second time you were dignified; the third reserved; the fourth cool; the fifth cold; the sixth you scarcely noticed me; and then we ceased speaking altogether, and I have been an unhappy being ever since. Now, after a long, painful lapse, your note has brought me to you, and I have come trembling with hope and fear. Oh! Mary—dear Mary, shall I venture to call you?—am I here to learn from your lips that the past is forgotten? and that henceforth I am to be again enraptured with your esteem, your regard, your——"

"Hold!" interrupted Mary, suddenly starting to her feet, and speaking in a tone that betrayed great agitation: "I have let you proceed too far, Mr. Harwood. In short," she hurriedly went on, "I find, on examining myself, I have not, do not, never can, esteem you as I could wish; and I sent for you to-night, for the purpose of telling you so, calmly, and asking your forgiveness for my unintentional deception; and to beg you will go and forget me—that you will go in a friendly spirit, and have no harsh and bitter feelings rankling in your heart. I would like your good opinion as a friend, and as a friend I shall always be pleased to meet you; but a warmer feeling it is not in my power to bestow."

"Can this be true? and am I thus suddenly made wretched forever!" groaned young Walter Harwood, as he buried his face in his hands, and rocked to and fro in an indescribable agony of mind.

For a few minutes there was not another word spoken—the young man swaying to and fro and breathing heavily—and the fair maiden watching him with features pale, anxious, and troubled.

"Mary," said Walter at length, raising a face so altered and ghastly that his fair companion fairly started with surprise and alarm, "answer me two questions, truly, as God is your judge! First, has either of your parents ever brought to your view the difference between yourself as an heiress, and myself as a poor and humble young man?"

"I cannot deny, Walter," returned Mary, in great agitation, "that something has been said to me on the subject."

"Secondly, then," pursued the other, "is there any one you esteem, or love, more than you do me?"

"I—I—would rather not answer that question!" replied Mary, turning away her head in confusion.

"Enough!" rejoined Walter; "I am answered. I knew that Henry Wilder had been a somewhat regular visitor here for the last six months; but I did not allude to it sooner, because I feared you would think me captious or jealous. I understand all now!" he continued, rising and presenting his hand, which the maiden took almost mechanically. "Farewell!" he added, in a faltering voice, his trembling form and quivering lips betraying his deep and painful emotions. "Farewell, Mary Ellsworth! it is not likely we shall ever meet again. Yet one word of caution before we part! Beware of him I have named! He is a mere adventurer, seeking you for your wealth. He is not a true and honest man, and I speak from personal knowledge. Oh! give him not your hand and heart, as you value your peace and happiness! which will always be dear to him you now reject. God bless you, and prosper you, and guard you from the misery I now suffer, shall ever be the prayer of him who now bids you an eternal adieu!"

Saying this, he gave the hand he held a strong, nervous pressure, and rushed madly from the presence of the fair being he so wildly worshiped; who, for a few minutes, remained as one speechless with a strange surprise, and then gave way to her emotions in a flood of tears.

A week later it was known to all in the vicinity, that Walter Harwood had gone abroad, perhaps never to return. Three months later, a gay bridal party assembled at the mansion of 'Squire Ellsworth, to witness the beautiful heiress give her hand to him against whom she had been warned.

Nineteen years passed away—a short period or a long one, according as existence has proved bright or gloomy, happy or miserable—and in a Southern city, which shall be nameless, the Governor of the State sat reading in his library, when a servant in livery announced to his Excellency that a lady in black most urgently craved a few minutes audience.

"Conduct her hither," replied the Governor; and as she appeared, he rose, advanced a few paces, politely handed her a seat, and resumed his own.

The lady, who was dressed in deep mourning, with a black, heavy vail entirely concealing her features, trembled violently, as she hurriedly but silently reached forward a paper to his Excellency, which he quietly and courteously received.

"This," he said, after a few minutes of silence, during which he was engaged in unrolling and perusing a lengthy document, "is a petition—signed, among others, by quite a number of respectable and influential citizens—praying for the pardon of one Thomas Calcraft, lately convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for the term of five years, for the crime of forgery. Madam, what is this man to you?"

"He is my husband, your Excellency," faltered the woman, trembling nervously.

"I am sorry for it, madam—because it is hard for a man of feeling to deny the petition of a wife in behalf of him she has solemnly vowed to love and honor; but my sense of duty becomes paramount to feelings, and I must refuse your prayer. This man, though your husband, has no redeeming antecedents, and I am sorry to say I do not think he merits executive clemency."

"Oh! say not so, your Excellency!" cried the poor woman, suddenly starting from her seat, and dropping down upon her knees before the Governor. "He always meant to do right; but he has been unfortunate; and in a moment of insanity—I can call it no less—insanity caused by want, and a husband's and father's desire to give bread to his starving wife and children—he wrote another man's name to a note, and got it cashed, intending to take it up before it came due; but was discovered, arrested, and is now groaning out his life within the dark, gloomy walls of a prison! Oh! pardon him, your Excellency! pardon him! as you hope God to pardon you; and I solemnly declare to you, he shall immediately leave the State, and never again offend against its righteous laws!"

While she was thus speaking, in a wild, impassioned strain, she impulsively threw back her heavy vail, and revealed to the astonished gaze of her listener the pale, careworn, but still beautiful features of a woman fast verging upon forty. At the sight of this face, the Governor started back, clasped his hands, and, like one petrified with amazement, kept his eyes riveted upon hers, without further gesture or motion, and with even his breath suspended.

"Do my eyes deceive me! or do I behold in this kneeling figure the once happy Mary Ellsworth?" he exclaimed, the moment her musical voice ceased.

"Just Heaven! who speaks that name?" almost shrieked the kneeling petitioner, starting suddenly to her feet, clasping her temples with her hands, and fixing her eyes in wild amazement upon the ruler of a State.

"Mary," he groaned, "it is Walter Harwood you see before you—the once poor, penniless man, who always loved you better than his own life, but whose suit you rejected, and whose existence your rejection has ever since rendered miserable; for though the Governor of a State, Mary, and blessed, as men call it, with honors, wealth and power, I am at heart a lonely, wretched being, who lives because it is a duty, and with only the hope of finding happiness in a better world. Would to God we had never met again!"

The interview between these two beings, after a lapse of nineteen years, was, if anything, more painful than the one already recorded. She freely told him of all her troubles and sorrows; how her parents, having been induced to sell their property to enable her husband to enter into some speculation, had soon been stripped of all, and had died in poverty; how her husband had since squandered all he could lay his hands on, and then, falling into habits of dissipation, had gradually sunk lower and lower, till crime had been added to his other faults and errors, and he was now, under the assumed name of Thomas Calcraft, suffering the penalty of broken laws; and finally, how she herself, deserting him never, had, through good and evil report, in weal and woe, wealth and poverty, happiness and misery, clung to him as a guardian angel might cling to the wicked for his salvation.

"Oh! had you only so loved me, Mary!" groaned Governor Harwood, as he buried his face in his hands and gave vent to his emotions in scalding tears. "It is well," he added, in a solemn tone, "that we can think God orders for the best! or else this life of trial and tribulation would not always be supportable."

When poor Mary Wilder left the presence of the Governor, it was with the assurance, that her husband should soon receive a pardon, and the belief that herself and his Excellency would never meet again on earth.

But "man proposes and God disposels." That night Thomas Calcraft, alias Henry Woder, committed suicide, by hanging himself it the bars of his cell; and beside his dead body Mary Ellsworth and Walter Harwood met again.

The sequel may be told in a few words. One year later, the even round of twenty years, Governor Harwood was united, by the holy rite of marriage, to his first and only love; and it is the earnest prayer of all who know them, that their future may be blessed with a happiness that their past has never known.

Oh, what a strange world is this to him who sits down to note the changes of a few revolving years!

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Broken-Hearted.—There is no remedy for the grief of disappointed love but time. Live on, do your duty, and the world will look smiling to you again some day. You had better lose a lover's love than a husband's.—You are better off this day than if you had married the young man who has deserted you.

Pence.—It is not a good plan to offer presents to ladies unless one is on very intimate and impossible-to-be-misunderstood terms with them, and knows that the gift will be received with pleasure.

Delicate.—You had better refran from visiting your young ady friend for a while till she knows her own mind.

A. R. H.—The best way of obtaining goods from Paris is to order them through a firm in New York which deals in and imports the kind of articles required.

L. E.—Robert Burns died poor, but not in debt. His salary as gauger was two hundred pounds a year.

Annie of Baltimore.—With regard to the intermarriage of cousins, it would be folly to assert that the children of such marriages are *always* of imperfect formation. It is enough for us to know that they *often* are. The consequences of such unions, moreover, do not always appear in the first generation. The Spanish nobility did not become effeminate through family intermarriages all at once. It required centuries of this practice to reduce the brave and sturdy cavalier of old Spain to the vain and impotent Don of the present day. Another thing—some first cousins are not nearly so much *akin* as others. For example, Jones and Smith marry two sisters. The children of Smith are very *Smithy*, but the children of Jones take after their mother. Such cousins might intermarry without any very serious or obvious harm. But the practice, as a practice, we are convinced, tends to injury, and ought to be discouraged. The mandate of nature is, Go forth, away from home, to select your mate.

L. U. C.—To get up a Fancy Fair for the benefit of your reading club, you must, first of all, enlist the co-operation of the ladies, for without their aid nothing can be done. They must make a large assortment of every conceivable pretty, useless and useful thing. They must also preside at the selling tables. Refreshments must be prepared and sold on the great occasion. A post-office must be set up, from which every applicant must be furnished with as many letters as he may desire at a high rate of postage. On the last evening, there may be an address or a concert, or both, to which a small charge for admission may be made. Articles left over may be disposed of at auction, which will be the occasion of much amusement if the auctioneer knows how to perform his part.

P. M.—You are mistaken. There is no excuse for suicide, nor can there be any. In all ages it has been held as one of the highest crimes against God and against man for a human being voluntarily to make away with what is his *most sacred trust*—his life. No sane and reflecting man, if he consult his conscience, can possibly conceive that he has a right to go out of the world at pleasure. Hence it is that the English law is, or used to be, so severe and disgraceful in the penalties it attached to this crime in pursuing it after death. Suicide is one of the most cowardly acts that a human being can commit—a backing out from all the issues of life—an acknowledged and final defeat.

Philip Lancey.—Don't talk of "love" to the young lady who has refused you. Many a man has finally won over his lady-love by continuing on the unsuspected footing of "friendship;" as there is nothing in that to alarm her, and she may gradually and naturally find you becoming necessary to her happiness, to her own astonishment, at last. This, we think, is your only chance, if you love her well enough to try it.

Samoset.—Indians are not the equals of white men in any respect. There is a belief among those who are uninformed in regard to the facts of the case, that the Indian has more physical endurance than the white man, but that is a mistake. The border trappers, hunters and forest-rangers of the West and South-west can out-run, out-walk, out-work, and in every other respect surpass the aborigines in physical endurance.

Judkins.—The young lady had no just cause of offense. Your offer to assist her out of the carriage was not an insult; it was a well-meant but mistaken act of kindness. There are but few young ladies who would not prefer to alight from a carriage alone, rather than accept the voluntary assistance of an utter stranger; therefore you should be careful how you proffer aid to damsels who do not know you.

Ohio.—Lord Byron was never in America. He says in one of his letters that he had, "for many years, projects of transatlantic settlement;" but it was South America, "Bolivar's country," as he called it, that he thought of settling in. Byron, however, was always particularly attentive to citizens of the United States; and valued highly his popularity among us.

T. H. G.—At the offices of Marine Insurance Companies lists are kept of the sea-going vessels of all nations, with notes of their ages, builders, materials, owners, repairs, present condition and employment. From one of those offices the information you desire can be obtained

Myrtle.—You ask what would be the most proper way of declining to dance with a gentleman with whom you are totally unacquainted. Just say that you decline dancing with strangers. The frankest, shortest, most dignified way is the best in such a case.

Brother and Sister.—A book is a good philopœna gift for a lady, a gold pen or thimble, or embossed card-case; you have only to step into one of the many beautiful fancy stores in any of the large cities for suggestions on this head.

L. B. Y.—So after keeping company with a young lady for two years, (and in the meantime, of course, keeping away other gentlemen,) your only thought is now "Can she can sue me for breach of promise if I leave her!" You are a mean sneak.

Such exercises would soon mellow your crusty nature into a decent humanitarian condition, and you would at last find that children can be made a source of some of the purest enjoyments which earth affords—even to an old bachelor.

F. L W.—Perhaps you only *imagined* yourself "cut" by the lady in question. The fact that she since invited you to a party would seem to countenance this view of the case.

Adole.—A four months' tour in Europe need not cost more than five hundred dollars, and may cost five thousand. It can be done well for about seven hundred dollars.

Laura.—We think no *gentleman* ever stares a lady out of countenance, either in "church" or elsewhere. The commonness of this species of insult to women makes it none the less disagreeable.

Pedagogue.—We do not think it best for a *male* teacher to detain a young lady after school for misdemeanors. Any other proper mode of punishment would, we think, be preferable.

X. X.—If the bank notes were good when you received them, you will have to stand the loss; if they were not good at the time, you can make the person who paid them to you redeem them.

Live Oak.—The Princess Mary of Cambridge is the daughter or grand-daughter of the Duke of Cambridge, who was one of the sons of George III.

H. W. P.—The phrase "Last Sunday week" is one of those elliptical expressions which are sanctioned by custom, and are admissable in familiar conversation.

A **Reader** says he has an outrageous greivance. He went to a party the other evening with a girl whom he has been "waiting upon" for the last two months, and to whom he intended to "offer himself," on that very evening, as they should be returning from the party. But fate decreed that he should not so offer himself. There was a man at the party who "interfered"—who made himself so agreeable to the fair girl that she left our correspondent sulking in a corner, and laughed, and talked, and promenaded with the "other fellow" all the evening, and finally went home with him—or rather he went home with her. The next day our correspondent called upon the "destroyer of his peace," and demanded of him an explanation of his villanous conduct, whereupon said destroyer seized our correspondent by the nose, and after pulling it violently asked him how he liked *that*. Of course, he did not like it at all; and as he saw an indication that the ceremony was about to be repeated, he indignantly left the presence of the odious villain who had thus added insult to injury; and he now asks: "What had I better do about it?" You had better do nothing. You evidently do not possess sufficient nerve to manage such an affair; if you did, you would have settled it long ago, without asking anybody's advice upon the subject.

Dubuque asks: "Suppose I should write a piece for the **Ledger** which you would not publish. Say it to be a production of merit and excellency, and if in after years I should become a great writer, and you would endeavor to engage my services, and I would refuse to write for your paper on any inducements whatever, remembering your refusal of my first trial with you, would I act rightly in the matter, and how would you feel *then?*" We think you would hardly permit your fame, in such a case, so to harden your heart against us, as to refuse to write for the **Ledger** for a "liberal compensation." As to "how we should feel *then*," in case you *should* permit your angry passions to overrule your prudence, we cannot possibly imagine. Perhaps we should reconsider our offer, and come to the conclusion that we had had a lucky escape from an unprofitable engagement. You will please bear in mind that the **Ledger** is not large enough to contain one-twentieth of the manuscripts that are sent to us, and that we are *compelled* to decline contributions.

T. P. B.—You are somewhat beside yourself in regard to the "Mormon outrages." No doubt, heinous crimes have been committed by the fanatical inhabitants of Utah; but your idea of having "all the Mormons hung, shot, cut down, or in some way exterminated," is altogether too summary and ferocious for this age of the world. The fact that no Mormon grand jury will indict one of their sect, no matter how atrocious his crimes, is truly outrageous; but what can be done about it? The Federal Government cannot override the principles and provisions of the Constitution, which guarantees to every citizen a right of trial by jury. All there is about it, when a community are determined to shield criminals from justice, and it is known that they *will* so shield them, "outsiders" should not go among them; and no matter how soon they make away with one another.

M. G. W.—Our own opinion is that paper manufacturers are "the greatest scoundrels unhung." It is true, there are some exceptions; but, as a class, there are no men in whom we have so little faith. You can put no confidence in them whatever. We had thought that horse jockeys could "take the rag off the bush" in making false representations, but a horse jockey could no more keep up with a "professional" paper dealer in downright, deliberate lying than we could keep up to Flora Temple's pace when she settles down to a 2.24 1-2 gait. N. B. If the reader has ever felt that the quality of the paper on which the "Ledger" has sometimes been printed was poor, he will please bear in mind that we have felt it also.

George S.—A piano is simply a harp, lying flat on one side, enclosed in a box, and played upon by means of a combination of keys and moveable hammers. Hence the old name of *harpsichord*. In the grand piano (or, as it might be called, the full-length piano) the strings occupy their natural arrangement, the same as they do in the harp, and are not curtailed in length; whereby the greatest possible volume of tone is secured. But in the square piano, the *harp* is twisted about and thrown out of shape, and the strings are shortened, on account of the paucity of room; and hence a feebler and poorer quality of tone in the instrument.

Query wants to know, where a person has an article that weighs over twenty-five pounds, and his spring scales will each weigh but twenty pounds, if by hanging one balance upon another, he could manage to weigh the article. Of course not. The weight of the article would be just as great upon the second balance as upon the first. The idea of dividing up its weight between the two balances is like that of the two travelers, who, having thirty miles to go, supposed that it would be but fifteen miles a piece.

Bonnie Doon.—Do not permit yourself to be coaxed out of the strong castle of *right* in which you are now entrenched. You have justice on your side; and when a man has that advantage, all he has to do in order to make sure of ultimate victory is to be true to his own manhood and the dictates of his own conscience. When a man has a chance to give a striking exhibition of moral courage and of steadfast adherence to persecuted truth, he ought to do it; so, maintain your position, and leave the result to Providence.

Nottoway wants to know what course she ought to pursue with her youngest boy—the pet of the family—who, although he "speaks Shakspeare admirably, cannot be made to wash his face and hands." When you say your child "*cannot be made* to wash his face and hands," you probably mean that he does not *like* to do so. Our advice is, that you *make* him wash them. If you really cannot do so simple a thing, you had better abdicate the maternal office.

"**Karmel the Scout**" says—

Tell me, ye winged winds
  That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some place
  Where *Hoops* are worn no more?
Some lone and silent dell,
  Some island, or some cave,
Where women can walk three abreast
  Along the village pave?

We answer Karmel the Scout in this wise:—

The loud winds hissed around my face,
And snickering said—"There's nary place!"

N. C. R.—The unknown persons who advertise nostrums, or "remedies," or "profitable enterprises," and require only a three-cent postage stamp to be sent to them, in payment for "valuable information," make their money out of the greenhorns who communicate with them, and who are led on, from step to step, to the making of some foolish expenditure or "promising investment." The only way is, to pay no attention to such advertisements.

Seeker.—Satire is evidently not your fort. Your sentences are as awkward as the steps of a boy who has for the first time mounted stilts. Besides, you mistake dullness for dignity, and impertinence for wit. As to the grammar inquired about, we have nothing to say. Any elementary work on grammar that you should thoroughly study and understand, would probably be of use to you.

A. J. **and** A. C.—We can *not* "write a young gentleman's name on the **Ledger** when he sends it to a young lady." It is against the law to write anything on a paper sent by mail, except the name and address of the person to whom it is sent. If a gentleman wants a lady to know that *he* is sending her the paper, he should inform her so by letter.

Nashua, N. H.—You should stay indoors until you arrive at years of discretion. The idea of a girl's forgetting her plighted vows for the sake of a man with whom she has never exchanged a syllable, simply because he paces up and down before her window and gives her, "oh—such looks of love," is utterly absurd and disgusting. Your mother should keep a strict watch over you.

E. D. W.—We could not tell whether the aged lady to whom you refer is entitled to a pension or not, without knowing precisely *all* the facts of the case. A pension agent could investigate the matter and give you the result in a short time; but no one would do such a thing for nothing.

Edgar.—We do not sympathise with your aristocratic notions. You might with propriety decline associating with others, on the ground of uncongeniality of taste and principles. A person who tries to force his acquaintance upon those who do not wish to associate with him must be lacking in the essential elements of true manhood.

Nova Scotia.—We cannot say whether the Atlantic cable will ever be laid and brought into "perfect working order" or not. Our opinion is, that it will ultimately be done in some way or other. At any rate, with the experience of the past before us, we shall not presume to say that anything can *not* be done.

Josephene P., of Boston.—You are always safe while you keep a gentleman at a distance of whose intentions you are uninformed. You are not presumed to know what they are till he declares them. Don't commit yourself in any way.

Hetherington.—It would not be proper for a man to answer a love-letter received *after* his marriage, from a young lady with whom he had until then kept up a correspondence. Nor would it be proper for him thus to correspond with one lady while engaged to another.

Young Druggist.—Your mother has a right to your wages. But if you have not sufficient clothing, your employer would be justified in supplying you with what you need, and deducting the cost from your salary.

Mountaineer.—We have no recollection of having received the letter and articles to which you refer.

Nathalie.—Don't accept rings from gentlemen who are only acquaintances.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*